



AFTERLIFE

A FOUR-PART ADVENTURE BY MATT FITTON

DRAMATIS PERSONAE:

THE DOCTOR: SYLVESTER MCCOY

A Time Traveller

ACE: SOPHIE ALDRED

Companion

HEX/HECTOR THOMAS: PHILIP OLIVIER

Companion/Companion reincarnated as cocky, callous 'businessman'

SALLY MORGAN: AMY PEMBERTON

Ex-Companion (mainly Ep 3 & 4)

HILDA SCHOFIELD

(F, 60s+) Hex's beloved nan, Liverpoolian, salt of the earth

LILY FINNEGAN/KOOLON

(F, 60s) Glam Liverpoolian gang matriarch/ 'Fire Elemental' working as 'croupier of the gods'

BARRY FINNEGAN

(M, 30s) Lily's son, vicious gangster, bit dim

D.I. DEREK MORTIMER

(M, 50s) Bent copper (Ep 3 & 4 only)

Others:

THUGS (TERRY), LOCALS

SCRIPT EDITOR: JONATHAN MORRIS PRODUCER: DAVID RICHARDSON

EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS: NICHOLAS BRIGGS & JASON HAIGH-ELLERY

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PART ONE — AFTER HEX

SCENE 1: INT. TARDIS, CONSOLE ROOM

(FX: TVM TARDIS B/G)

DOCTOR:

(FX: OPERATING DOOR CONTROL) (SUBDUED) There. Private Morgan and Captain Aristedes. Back in their own time. Or near enough. They're both very resourceful. I'm sure they'll cope.

(FX: DOORS CLOSE)

ACE:

(STANDING OFF, ACROSS ROOM) That's it, is it? Game over. Send them home. Simple as that? (TO SELF) Not one iota of human feeling.

DOCTOR:

(FX: SETTING CONTROLS) I'm not human.

(FX: TARDIS DEMATERIALISES)

ACE:

(TO SELF) No. And that's the problem.

DOCTOR:

At least you're talking to me now. (BEAT) Ace? (BEAT) How long is this going to go on for?

(FX: FIDDLING WITH CONTROLS) I'm sorry. It was a very brave thing he did. If it weren't for- [Mister Hex]

ACE:

(INTERRUPTING) Don't say his name! You don't get to say his name again.

DOCTOR:

He saved us all.

ACE:

(COLD) I know. And you knew what we were walking into. You could have stopped it. It should never have come to that.

DOCTOR:

I tried, Ace. I tried to protect everyone. Things had gone... too far, already.

ACE:

No kidding.

DOCTOR:

There was nothing I could have done. The die was cast back in Scutari. Be thankful for the time we had with him. It was... a privilege. (BEAT) We should go... somewhere... Take your mind off things...

ACE:

(GRITTED TEETH) I don't want to take my mind off things. In case you'd forgotten, I just watched my friend die back there.

DOCTOR:

I haven't forgotten. I let him down. I did my best-

ACE:

(INTERRUPTING) Well, it wasn't good enough.

DOCTOR:

I know... I know. And I'm sorry.

(BEAT OF SILENCE)

ACE:

Do you even know what that means?

DOCTOR:

(SNAPPING) Of course I know what it means. Everyone I've ever met. Everyone I'll ever meet. They're all dead, Ace. Every last one.

ACE:

What are you talking about?

DOCTOR:

Flick a switch, and I can reach a time when every soul that ever set foot inside the TARDIS is long departed...

Or, I could go back and see them. The times when they're alive. Somewhere, somewhen, they're all still there. Making tea. Walking the dog. Eating beans on toast. Living and breathing...

Alive and dead. Everybody. All of the time. And none of the time. It's how it's always been for me. How it always will be.

ACE:

All right, so why don't we, then? What if I said I wanted to go and see him?

DOCTOR:

(BEAT) We... can't.

ACE:

Then what's the point of what you just said? What's the point of any of it? Dead is dead.

DOCTOR:

I know. But I can't take every loss to heart. I can't afford to... or I'd... I'd... (BEAT) I just can't.

ACE:

For a bloke with two hearts, that's pretty heartless.

DOCTOR:

Please understand, Ace. I'm a Time Lord. It gives me a different perspective...

ACE:

Yeah? So what's the view like, all the way up there? (BEAT) Jules had a kite. We used to fly it round Perivale. All the gang: Manisha, Midge, Shreela... We'd take it up Horsenden Hill. Send it right up to the clouds. We'd all take turns. Didn't matter who was holding it, it'd just go on its merry way...

We loved that kite. (HARD) But it didn't give a damn about us.

DOCTOR:

It was a kite. It doesn't have feelings.

(BEAT OF SILENCE)

DOCTOR:

(FX: SETTING CONTROLS, TENTATIVE) So. Where's it to be? Think what he'd want... He'd want you to carry on. (BEAT) You both liked... fast ships. Hyperbikes. The Venusian Grand Prix? Lots of hands, lots of gears...

ACE:

(INTERRUPTING) No. Not good enough. He'd want to not be dead. I want to go and see him when he's not dead.

DOCTOR:

We... can't do that, Ace. I'm sorry.

ACE:

(FX: WALKING OVER TO CONSOLE) Then in that case...

DOCTOR:

If there's anywhere else you want to go... just tell me. I can take you-

(FX: ACE STARTS PRESSING CONTROLS)

ACE:

(INTERRUPTING) I haven't finished. We're not going anywhere.

(FX: ACE SLAMS CONTROLS, TARDIS LURCHES)

DOCTOR:

Ace? What are you doing?

ACE:

(FX: FLICKING SWITCHES) Oh yeah. I don't know what I'm doing, do I? 'Cos you never showed me. You never needed me to know. It wasn't part of the plan!

(FX: TARDIS LURCHES AGAIN)

DOCTOR:

(FALLING) Ace! Be careful!

ACE:

(FX: PULLING LEVERS, OPENING PANEL) But I know more than you think. Watching you all these years... I've picked up a trick or two.

(FX: TARDIS ENGINES STUTTER)

DOCTOR:

Ace!

ACE:

(FX: WRENCHING COMPONENT FROM CONSOLE) Fluid links! The TARDIS can't go anywhere without these.

DOCTOR:

Put them back. They're delicate instruments. We could be stranded here forever if you-

ACE:

(SNATCHING THEM AWAY) Get away from me. Don't touch me.

DOCTOR:

I'm truly sorry. If you need more time to mourn... If you want to talk...

ACE:

(BACKING AWAY) Talk? I've finished talking to you. I can't even look at you. (STALKS OFF) Leave me alone!

DOCTOR:

Ace! I didn't mean... (DESPERATE) Ace! What do you want me to do?!

SCENE 2: INT. TARDIS, CORRIDOR OUTSIDE HEX'S ROOM

(FX: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS, ACE PANTING, THEN SLOWS AND STOPS)

ACE:

(BREATHLESS) Here. This is the one.

(FX: TRYING DOOR) Locked. No! He's erasing him already. Wiping him from the ship. How many times has he done this before, eh? Is he gonna do the same when I'm gone?

(FX: BANGING ON LOCKED DOOR)

(CALLING) Oi. TARDIS. I know you can hear me. Please, just let me in. Don't let him do this! Not yet. Please. After all these years. Will you open it... for me?

(FX: SOFT CLUNK OF DOOR BEING UNLOCKED)

ACE:

(SOTTO) Thank you. (BEAT) Even you're more human than him.

SCENE 3: INT. TARDIS, CONSOLE ROOM

(FX: TARDIS CONSOLE BEEPS)

DOCTOR:

I know... I know. You've let her into his room. It might be for the best...

After all I've put you through, old thing... (BEAT) I'm sorry about that too. The other TARDIS...

(FX: TARDIS BEEPS, CREAKS)

DOCTOR:

But you always stay with me, don't you? You know me too well. All these centuries. All these lives. I never really give you much of a choice... But given the choice, I'd hope you'd choose to stay...

(FX: TARDIS BEEPS)

DOCTOR:

Humans need... looking after. Ace... sometimes makes it harder than most.

Delayed reaction to severe trauma. She needs... T.L.C. I suppose I could start by restoring her sugar levels... Good for shock...

(DECIDING) I know just the thing!

(LEAVING CONTROL ROOM) Now where did I put the kitchen...?

(FX: FOOTSTEPS GOING OFF)

SCENE 4: INT. TARDIS, HEX'S ROOM (CONTINUOUS)

(FX: ACE OPENING AND CLOSING CUPBOARDS, SORTING CLOTHES)

ACE:

(SIGHING) Typical bloke... A mess.

(FX: PICKING UP MORE CLOTHES)

I've got to do this. Can't just let him seal it up. Chuck everything that's left of you out into the vortex. We should sort your stuff out... put it away... Keep it somewhere. In case... Just, in case.

I need... a case... A box... Here... under the bed.

(FX: PULLS CASE FROM UNDER BED)

Ha. You didn't believe in folding, did you? Me neither.

(FX: HOLDS UP COAT)

I remember this jacket. You were wearing it when you came off shift at St Garts... (BREATHES IT IN) I'm so sorry, mate.

(SAGS ONTO BED) I... don't know what to do. He has to learn. He has to know... about consequences. Not the big universe stuff. The little people. You and me... He has to see...

(FX: CRUMPLING PAPER IN JACKET)

ACE:

What's that?

(FX: TAKES LETTER FROM POCKET)

To... Hilda Schofield. Fifty-three Gerrard Street. New Hoylake, Liverpool...

(FX: OPENS ENVELOPE, TAKES OUT LETTER)

Look at the date... It's old. You've had it stashed away for ages... Waiting to land in the right time to catch the post... Maybe you'd forgotten about it?

(FX: UNFOLDS LETTER)

You don't mind, do you, mate? I just want to hang on to you. A little bit longer.

(CONT)

(FX: SETTLES ON BED) (READING) 'Dear nan. Sorry I haven't written before...'

HEX:

(V/O, OVER ACE) Dear nan. Sorry I haven't written before. Had to head off in a bit of a rush. It wasn't exactly planned. Anyway. I'm off. On me travels. Sort of a gap year. Like the posh uni kids do. Round the world. And further... Yeah... I can't really say where. Let's leave that one for now.

I got recruited. Nothing dodgy, don't worry. Me new... mates, I guess. They're like... troubleshooters. Dropping into places where people need help. Sorting things out. And heading off into the sunset.

We just got out of somewhere. A warzone. The locals had some trouble with... invaders. They hadn't been settled that long themselves. Only someone else fancied a go at the place they'd found. And tried to take it off them.

A place called Palanor.

CROSS-FADE TO:

SCENE 5: INT. CAVES OF PALANOR [FLASHBACK]

(FX: DISTANT BATTLE SOUNDS THROUGH, ACE AND HEX RUNNING DOWN STONE TUNNEL)

HEX:

What the hell were those things? They were coming out of the walls! Heck, they were the walls!

ACE:

Rocks. Living rocks... Kragvar, the Doctor called them. That's why we had to make sure the locals had their own supply of TNT. In case the Kragvar wouldn't listen.

HEX:

And they didn't. Like talking to a brick wall.

ACE:

Hah! You're getting the hang of this 'quipping in the face of danger' lark. Hang on. We can slow down. Nearly there.

(FX: THEY BOTH SLOW TO WALK)

HEX:

So he told you what to expect, then.

ACE:

Need to know basis. Let's face it, you're the newbie. You'll get used to it. The colonists were getting the upper hand back there. The Kragvar got an urgent recall back to their ship. Can't think why...

(STOPPING) The Doctor told us to get to Medical... The signs back there said it was along- (BREAKS OFF) Wait. Hold up.

(FX: DISTANT BATTLE STOPS, CHEERING)

HEX:

Sounds like they did it. So. Are we clear? They're all gone?

ACE:

I said stop. Don't move. A muscle.

HEX:

What is it, McShane? (BEAT, REALISATION) Aww no... There's one of 'em behind me isn't there?

(FX: CRACKING ROCKS AS KRAGVAR EMERGES FROM STONE WALL)

ACE:

Would it help if I told you there wasn't?

(FX: ROCK-BEAST ROARS)

HEX:

Somehow... No. (DUCKS A SWIPE) Whoah!

(FX: KRAGVAR CRUNCHES CLUMSILY AFTER HIM, HEX DODGES AROUND IT)

ACE:

That's it, mate. Distract it. See if you can hold it off for a minute. (FX: RUMMAGING IN RUCKSACK)

HEX:

(DODGING) Hold it off? What with? I didn't think to bring a pickaxe.

ACE:

Pickaxe? Wouldn't scratch it. Somewhere in here though... (SHOUTING) Oi. Rocky Four! You should have gone with your mates. Back to your ship.

HEX:

(DUCKING AROUND TO AVOID BLOWS) Hurry up and do whatever it is you're gonna do, Ace. (DODGING) Right about now would be good.

ACE:

But as you've stayed behind, you can say hello to a friend of mine... Noisy little blighter. Goes by the name of Nitro-9.

HEX:

Uh-oh... Time to-

ACE:

Leg it! (FX: THROWS CANISTER)

(FX: ACE AND HEX RUN AS KRAGVAR ROARS AND EXPLODES)

SCENE 6: INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE PALANOR MEDBAY
[FLASHBACK]

(FX: CRUMBLING MASONRY, BABY CRIES, MUFFLED)

HEX:

(V/O) I'm kind of picking things up as I go along. Like I said, I can't really tell you too much about the where... or the when. But I'm happy. Pretty scared a lot of the time too. But happy.

Actually, you know what? I think I'm having the time of me life. I get to do what I was trained for. Not just changing bedpans and filling in requisition forms and making sure Mrs Brown gets the chicken and chips and not the lasagne..

Don't get me wrong, the job at St Garts was really worthwhile. But, London's... London, you know? You could spend years there – like Matthias – and still hardly scratch the surface. With this... where I'm going now, what we're doing... it really feels like I'm making a difference. Every day.

(FX: ACE AND HEX CRASHING INTO MEDBAY ANTE-CHAMBER)

ACE:

(RUNNING, PANTING) Told you... there'd be a lot... of running!

HEX:

(ARRIVING) Hang on, will ya! Oh... my... [God]. Bodies...

ACE:

Looks like they hid out here. Trying to get to the Medical Bay. To avoid the Kragvar. Didn't work out too well.

HEX:

You can say that again... How many? A dozen. Must be more under that rubble. All trapped here when the Kragvar dropped the ceiling on them.

ACE:

Dead... They're all dead... Why did he want us to come here? It's too late...

(FX: SCRABBLING THROUGH RUBBLE)

HEX:

Wait. There's something.

(FX: BABY CRIES, MUFFLED)

HEX:

Help me Ace. Come here little fella.

(FX: MORE SHIFTING DEBRIS, AND MOVING MOTHER. BABY'S CRIES BECOME CLEARER, SHALLOW LABOURED BREATHING OF MOTHER)

HEX:

(PICKING UP BABY) Here. He was under his mum. Hang on... she's still alive too!

ACE:

She must have shielded him from the rocks. How's she doing?

HEX:

Not good. Here. Hold the baby, Ace. Gimme that torch. (PASSES BABY)

ACE:

Here you go. (FX: BABY SQUAWKS) Yeah. I know how you feel, mate. It's that kind of day...

HEX:

(EXAMINING WOMAN) Still warm. Pupils... Responsive. Breathing... just about. Why's she not breathing properly?

(LOOKING IN MOUTH) Airway's clear...

ACE:

Shouldn't you be doing your kiss of life stuff?

HEX:

(WORKING IT OUT) Maybe... but look. She was protecting him. Must've got smashed up pretty badly by those rock-monsters. Looks like she got hit across here...

ACE:

Compressions? That's right isn't it? Mouth to mouth to get her breathing properly again?

HEX:

No... wait. It's only one side...

ACE:

You what?

HEX:

Her ribs are only moving up and down on one side... (REALISATION) Get into the medbay, McShane. Her lung's collapsed! That's why she's struggling. Search the cupboards. Find me a tube. A needle. Something sterile.

ACE:

On it, Nurse. (FX: BABY CRIES AS ACE CARRIES IT OFF, SCRAMBLING OVER RUBBLE) And you can keep quiet too.

HEX:

(V/O) They teach you all sorts at med school. Funny how it all disappears out of your head when it comes down to it. Except for the bits you actually need. You focus. And everything becomes clear.

The baby's mum had been crushed by falling rocks. Pneumothorax. I'd never actually seen one before. But I knew what to do. In theory.

(FX: HEX WORKING ON MOTHER, BABY GRIZZLING)

HEX:

Get me some more light.

(FX: MOVING TORCH)

ACE:

Ooh. I like it when you're all masterful.

HEX:

Don't joke McShane. This woman's dying here.

ACE:

No she's not. You're gonna save her.

(FX: WOMAN DRAWS WHEEZING, LABOURED BREATHS)

HEX:

That's it... You're doing it yourself now. (BEAT) How's the baby doing?

(FX: BABY GRIZZLES)

ACE:

Dunno really, it's hard to tell. Here little fella. Look at that. My mate's just saved your mum.

MUSIC SEGUE:

SCENE 7: INT. TARDIS, CORRIDOR OUTSIDE HEX'S ROOM

(FX: FOOTSTEPS, DOCTOR CARRYING TRAY WITH RATTLING PLATES)

DOCTOR:

Ace? (STOPPING) Are you still there?

(FX: ACE INSIDE ROOM THROWING THINGS INTO CASE)

(FX: DOCTOR KNOCKS GENTLY)

DOCTOR:

(CALLING AT DOOR) I brought pancakes. Golden syrup. Whipped cream. Ice cream. Plates and spoons.

(FX: SOUNDS IN ROOM STOP, FOOTSTEPS TOWARDS DOOR INSIDE, BEAT OF SILENCE)

DOCTOR:

I'll put them down outside the door.

(FX: DOCTOR PUTS DOWN TRAY OF PLATES AND CUTLERY)

DOCTOR:

Or if you like I can bring them- [in]

(FX: TRYING DOOR, IT'S LOCKED) Locked. (BEAT) (CALLING) I can wait here as long as it takes. (SOTTO) Just me and the cutlery. Until you need us.

(FX: PICKS UP SPOONS, GIVES THEM A TENTATIVE RATTLE. BEAT, THEN PLAYS SPOONS, GAINING PACE. A MANIC TEMPO... THEN SLOWS TO MORE MELANCHOLY BEATS, FINALLY GIVING UP)

(BEAT OF SILENCE)

(SOTTO) 'The rest is silence'. Nothing. Not a word. Not even to tell me to be quiet.

(ALoud) It's like I said, Ace. Everyone's dead. All of them. Hex... Evelyn... Mel... Strange business, time. (BEAT) Even you, Ace.

There's a time and a place when everyone dies. And there are times when they're very much alive.

CROSS TO:

SCENE 8: **INT. TARDIS, HEX'S ROOM (CONTINUOUS)**

DOCTOR:

(MUFFLED, FROM OTHER SIDE OF DOOR) That's what's important. What they did. What they're doing now. Out there. Happy times and places.

Everyone has their allotted span. The hands keep moving on the clock that counts your lifetime. I can't stop that, whatever you think. All of them die in the end...

ACE:

But not all of them die because of you.

DOCTOR:

(MUFFLED) Ace? What did you say? It'd be easier to talk if you-

(FX: UNDER PREVIOUS, ACE GOES TO DOOR, UNLOCKS AND OPENS IT A CRACK)

DOCTOR:

-opened the door.

ACE:

I said. Not all of them die because of you.

DOCTOR:

Every action has consequences. Ripples. Repercussions. You could say they all lived because of me.

ACE:

All that time. All those years I stuck up for you. Lysandra was right. The little people don't matter in your grand schemes.

DOCTOR:

Oh Ace... What's the good of 'grand schemes' if they don't help the 'little' people? Why do you think I do... what I do.

CROSS BACK TO:

SCENE 9: INT. TARDIS, CORRIDOR OUTSIDE HEX'S ROOM
(CONTINUOUS)

DOCTOR:

I wanted you all to see that. Be a part of it. I want to give you the chance to be extraordinary. All of you. Offer you the opportunity to be the very best you can be.

(BEAT) You stalled the TARDIS at the edge of the Milky Way. I was enjoying the view. Andromeda one way, Triangulum the other.

Each star that shines out there... we're seeing it back through time. It could be dead. Could have been cold for millennia. Or it could be blazing away right this instant. Either way, you can still see its light. That's the point.

And Ace. You've shone so very, very brightly...

ACE:

This isn't about me. It's about... him.

DOCTOR:

Everything he did. That can't be undone. All the lives he touched. All the lives he saved.

ACE:

(SMALL) But he's gone. And it hurts.

DOCTOR:

(GENTLY) If you need me to... If you can't stand it, Ace... I can make it go away. All the pain. All the hurt. We can carry on. Or even start all over. Begin again. Let me help you... (BEAT, SOFT) Contact...

ACE:

(ANGRY) Get away from me. Stay out of my head! (BEAT, RUEFUL) Oh, Professor. You nearly had me then. No. You don't get away with it that easily.

(FX: SLAMS DOOR, SCATTERS PLATES)

DOCTOR:

(FX: POUNDS ON DOOR, DESPERATE) I'm sorry. I'm sorry. How many times do I have to say it before you listen? I'm sorry!

(BEAT)

(FX: ACE OPENS DOOR AGAIN)

ACE:

Just once. You only have to say it once. But you have to know what it means.

DOCTOR:

I know Ace. Believe me, I know. (BEAT) Do you want to leave? Is that it? (BEAT) I could let you out at the next world... Whatever time, whatever place you wish.

ACE:

No. Course I don't want to leave. I don't know what you'll do.

DOCTOR:

Oh, I'll be fine. I always am.

ACE:

It's not you I'm worried about. I don't know what you'll do... to the next one.

DOCTOR:

Ace...

ACE:

You've screwed up any chance I had at being normal. (SOTTO) Poor old Henry Noone found that out.

(TO DOCTOR) It wasn't Audrey. It wasn't Fenric. It was you. You messed up my life. By turning it into a game.

DOCTOR:

I've only ever had your best interests at heart.

ACE:

Then thanks for nothing. All that. For what? You lost. Worse than that. You weren't even a piece on the board. He was. A pawn to be sacrificed.

DOCTOR:

I didn't know. I got it all so wrong... How could I have got it so wrong?

ACE:

You're not who you thought you were. You're not who I thought you were. What was it you called me once? An emotional cripple?

DOCTOR:

That was for show. It's not what I think.

(CONT)

ACE:

Doesn't mean it's not true. Doesn't mean it's not what you've made me. Look at me! I don't even know how old I am any more. I mean, pancakes? I'm not ten! I don't know how to behave like a... like a person. I tried. To grow up. But it's more than just changing your name, changing your clothes. It always comes back to this. The Professor and Ace. That's what I am, because you'll never let me be anything else.

DOCTOR:

Ace...

ACE:

But then he came along. He looked up to me. For the first time, I thought it could be different...

DOCTOR:

Dorothy...

ACE:

But I can't function anywhere except here. I can't live with normal people. I can't live with anyone. Except you. (BEAT) I had no-one. No family. No-one who cared. Until you...

DOCTOR:

Audrey cared, Ace.

ACE:

I know that now. And I'd have been better off with her... But you had to... (BEAT) I loved you, Doctor! And now I... I...

DOCTOR:

Please...

ACE:

You're not a god. You're just a lonely little man. Playing god.

DOCTOR:

I don't...

ACE:

Shut up.

DOCTOR:

Please. Can't we just...

ACE:

Go away, Professor. (BEAT) Doctor. Leave me alone.

DOCTOR:

But Ace...

ACE:

(COLD) I said. Leave me alone. (FX: SLAMS DOOR IN HIS FACE)

SCENE 10: EXT. PALANOR SURFACE [FLASHBACK]

HEX:

(V/O) There's this bloke. He's in charge. He's called the Doctor. And he's got a knack of being in the right place at the right time. Or the wrong time if you're on the wrong side.

And we're like his... helpers. This girl, McShane. Ace. And me.

It's nice to be trusted to get on with it. To do the right thing. And it's funny. I want him to be proud of me. Because being with him, it means something.

Although... we seem to spend a lot of the time waiting around for him to explain things. But he usually does. Eventually.

(FX: COLONIST ACTIVITY, REPAIRING, BUILDING, OFF)

ACE:

He's coming.

(FX: TARDIS MATERIALISES)

HEX:

Right on time. Never lets us down. Although... would it have killed him to tell us what he was up to?

(FX: TARDIS DOORS OPEN)

ACE:

You get used to it.

DOCTOR:

(EMERGING) Hello you two. Ace, would you mind fetching our micro-generator for the good people of Palanor. Help them kick-start their own power supply. It's over in the TARDIS garage.

ACE:

Fetching and carrying... Again. All right. Back in a mo. (FX: ENTERS TARDIS)

DOCTOR:

Thank you. Now, young man. All ready for the off?

HEX:

What happened up there? The Kragvar ship?

DOCTOR:

You saw the hailstorm?

HEX:

That was them? You blew them up? Whoah. That's pretty hardcore.

DOCTOR:

I'm not without mercy. I give everyone a chance to prove themselves. To be better than they are. Not everyone takes it. So 'hardcore' is all that's left of them.

HEX:

Judge, jury and executioner, eh? Even so.

DOCTOR:

They had every opportunity to change. To co-exist. But the Kragvar threatened to crush every last mammal on the planet. That was their choice. I couldn't let that happen.

HEX:

Yeah, would've ruined my day.

DOCTOR:

You do understand, Mister Schofield? I don't do this lightly. Every life has a weight. An effect. I try to tilt the balance towards the positive. (BEAT) How's the baby? And his mother?

HEX:

It was touch and go for a while there. But she'll be fine. They both will.

(FX: ACE DRAGS GENERATOR OUT OF TARDIS)

ACE:

One micro-generator. (BEAT) I'll just drag it all the way over there then, shall I?

DOCTOR:

Thank you, Ace. That would be very helpful.

(FX: ACE DRAGS GENERATOR OFF)

DOCTOR:

(TO HEX) You see, with her to look after him, that small boy could grow up to be a great leader. The inspiration this colony needs to do great things. Palanor is destined to be an influential power in these parts. A force for good.

You should understand our actions have effects far beyond the immediate.

HEX:

I just saw someone who needed help. And I helped them.

(FX: ACE WALKING BACK OVER)

DOCTOR:

Of course. And that's why I'm pleased you decided to join us. Keep doing what you're good at, Nurse. Leave me to worry about the bigger picture.

ACE:

A dirty job, but somebody's gotta do it... Come on face-ache.
(GOES BACK IN TARDIS)

HEX:

Why, though? Why you, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

Who else do you see? Come along. Time to go. (ENTERS TARDIS)

HEX:

(FOLLOWING INTO TARDIS) Hang on... How did you even know about the baby? You just got here...

(FX: TARDIS DOORS CLOSE, DEMATERIALISATION)

HEX:

(V/O) So, we did some good. Helped them get set up. Saw off the bullies. And went on to save the next place.

SCENE 11: INT. TARDIS, HEX'S ROOM (CONTINUOUS)

(FX: LETTER PAGE TURNING)

HEX:

(V/O) All in a day's work for a Schofield, eh?

But it means so much more than that. I've found some proper mates. People who make me feel like I'm making a difference. That's what you wanted, nan. I hope I'm making you proud.

ACE:

You were good at what you did. She'd be proud. I know she would be.

HEX:

(V/O) So that's it. That's what I'm up to. Like I said, still early days. Dunno how long I'm gonna stick with it. But I'm enjoying it for now.

And I promise, if I get a chance, if I'm ever in town, I'll pop over for a cuppa and some of your fruitcake. All the places we've been, no-one makes a raisin sponge to touch yours, nan.

Gotta go. Another dictatorship needs overthrowing. And I might even be on the news this time. I mean, me? Being interviewed on the news? Mad, innit?

Loads a love, Tommy.

P. S. I might have met a girl. Now I don't want you thinking it's wedding bells or going off and buying a hat. It's just... she's cool. And pretty. And I think... well, I think there could be something there. Watch this space, eh?

ACE:

Soppy idiot. I remember. But we got through it. We ended up much more than that. Stronger than that. Bezzie mates.

MUSIC SEGUE TO:

SCENE 12: INT. TARDIS, CONSOLE ROOM

(FX: DOCTOR TRYING CONTROLS IN VAIN, TARDIS COMPLAINING, FOOTSTEPS APPROACH)

DOCTOR:
You're here.

ACE:
Looks like it. (FX: ACE WALKS UP TO CONSOLE AND PUTS COMPONENTS ON IT) Here. Your precious fluid links.

DOCTOR:
You want to... go somewhere?

ACE:
Yeah.

DOCTOR:
If you would like some instruction on flying the TARDIS, I can show you.

ACE:
I know enough already. Now, don't talk. Listen. (DEEP BREATH) Right. So. There is something you can do. Here.

(FX: HOLDING UP LETTER) Take this letter. And post it. Send it last year. Last week. Tomorrow. Whenever. Just make sure it gets there. You might want to read it first.

DOCTOR:
But Ace...

ACE:
(TALKING OVER HIM) And when you've done that. Set the co-ordinates for Liverpool. Hilda Schofield. Twenty-twenties. You'll know when. Give her time to get the letter. Take it all in. Then you go and see her.

DOCTOR:
I don't think that's a very good [idea.]

ACE:
(INTERRUPTING) Do it. If you ever cared anything about me. About him. You do it. And you do it now.

(FX: DOCTOR OPENS CONSOLE PANEL, REPLACES FLUID LINKS)

DOCTOR:
There. Fluid links... reconnected. (BEAT) The... letter?

ACE:

Here. (FX: HANDING LETTER TO DOCTOR) We need to do the decent thing.

DOCTOR:

What do you mean?

ACE:

What happens when someone's lost in battle? (BEAT) The commanding officer has to inform the next of kin. Take responsibility for his actions.

DOCTOR:

You mean you want me to do the decent thing.

ACE:

I want you to do the human thing. For once. (WALKING OFF, COLD) Tell me when we've landed. I'll be in his room.

DOCTOR:

Ace!

(FX: OPENING LETTER, BEAT OF SILENCE, TURNING PAGES)

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) Oh no...

HEX:

(V/O) P. P. S. One last thing... I know what you're like, nan. So please. Don't worry. The Doctor's good. I trust him. It's funny. I've not really known him that long. But I'd trust him with me life. He's that sort of person.

Anyway. Signing off now. Dunno when I'll get a chance to post this. See you when I see you, I guess. All my love. Tommy.

(FX: FOLDING LETTER, SETTING CONTROLS)

DOCTOR:

(WHISPER) Oh Hex... Hector... Thomas... Forgive me... please. (BEAT, HEARTFELT) I'm so, so sorry.

(FX: TARDIS DEMATERIALISATION)

END OF PART ONE

PART TWO — ABSENT FRIENDS

SCENE 13: INT. HILDA'S HOUSE, FRONTROOM

(FX: TV FLICKING, ADVERT MUSIC, GAMESHOW STING, POURING TEA, PUTTING TEAPOT DOWN)

HILDA:

The amount of rubbish they put on. You'd think they'd have made an effort today of all days.

(FX: FLICKING THROUGH MAGAZINE) Ah. 'Countdown' in ten minutes. Now, where did I put my pen...?

(FX: PLACES CUP AND SAUCER ON TABLE)

(FX: DOORBELL)

HILDA:

Oh, who's this now? (GETTING UP) If it's that New Age lot again, I'll give them a 'Day of Reckoning'...

(FX: TURNS OFF TV, WALKS TO HALL)

HILDA:

(CALLING) Just coming!

SCENE 14: EXT. HILDA'S DOORSTEP

(FX: DOOR OPENING)

HILDA:

(HARDLY LETS DOCTOR GET A WORD IN THROUGH THIS SCENE) Hello. Not today thank you. Can't you lot give it a rest in the holidays? I mean Christmas I can understand, but that's all over with- (BREAKS OFF) Who are you?

DOCTOR:

Are you Mrs Hilda Schofield?

HILDA:

Depends. Who's asking? If you're from the benefits office, I'll have you know that Hettie Wilson needs to mind her own business. In fact you should be keeping an eye on the comings and goings at her house. I don't know how many people she has staying, but last Thursday night-

DOCTOR:

(INTERRUPTING) I'm not from the benefits office. Not from any office, in fact. Though I suppose I am here on... official business...

HILDA:

Council is it?

DOCTOR:

No. I-

HILDA:

Police, then? Plain clothes? You should do something about them gangs. Kept me awake all hours Christmas Eve with their yelling and fighting. Not two streets away from decent folk. It's getting worse. You expect it over in New Bootle, but this is a respectable neighbourhood. Or it was-

DOCTOR:

(INTERRUPTING) I'm not the police either. (BEAT) I'm the Doctor. I knew- (STOPS, CORRECTS HIMSELF) I know your grandson.

HILDA:

Tommy? (BEAT) The Doctor, eh? Funny that. I had a letter from our Tommy last week. Took six months to get here. Postal system's never been the same since they sold it off to the bin-men. It's the same all over. Whole country's going to pot.

DOCTOR:

Then you'll know he's been engaged in some very important work... in... alien territories.

HILDA:

I do. The Doctor... (BEAT) Tommy said his C. O. was some 'Doctor' or other. Why don't you come in... 'Doctor...'?

DOCTOR:

Smith.

HILDA:

Course. Undercover. Come on then if you're coming. (GOING OFF INTO HOUSE)

(FX: DOCTOR FOLLOWS HER INSIDE, CLOSES FRONT DOOR)

HILDA:

(OFF) Go on through to the lounge. Pot's just brewed. I'll fetch another cup.

SCENE 15: INT. TARDIS, CONSOLE ROOM

(FX: TARDIS B/G)

ACE:

(TO CONSOLE) Am I being too harsh on him? Do you think I'm being too harsh on him? (BEAT) No. He needs to listen. To understand. To try to understand, at least. Time for him to learn a lesson for a change.

(FX: PACING AROUND CONSOLE)

ACE:

Look at me. I'm turning into him. Talking to you.

Right. Might as well see what's out there.

(FX: SWITCHES SCANNER ON)

ACE:

Liverpool in the twenty-twenties. Looks harmless enough. (BEAT)
Hang on... Now what are you lot up to?

SCENE 16: EXT. STREET

(FX: FOOTSTEPS, HIGH HEELS QUICKENING, THEN STOPPING)

LILY:

All right. All right, fellas. Not exactly subtle are you? I've clocked you following me all the way back from the cash-and-carry. So. You got my attention. And you've got me surrounded. Now what?

TERRY:

We want you to come with us, Mrs Finnegan.

LILY:

Well since you asked so politely. (FX: SLAP) There ya go, pal. And you can take that message back to your boss.

TERRY:

That was a bad idea.

LILY:

Does it really takes four of you big strong lads to escort one old... sorry, 'mature' lady along to his poxy club? I don't think so. He knows where I am. If he wants to see me, he can come and find me.

TERRY:

You're coming with us. Now. (FX: MAKES TO GRAB LILY)

LILY:

(FX: SHAKING HIM OFF) Don't touch what you can't afford. (HARD) Get your hands off me, you filthy no-mark.

ACE:

(OFF, CALLING) Oi. Leave her alone!

TERRY:

Come'ead Mrs Finnegan. We don't wanna hurt you, but if we have to-

(FX: ACE RUNNING UP)

ACE:

(CALLING) I said, leave her alone!

(FX: ACE BARGES INTO THUGS)

TERRY:

What the-?

LILY:

A concerned citizen, lad. How heartening to see 'community ownership' at work. Ta very much, love, but I can handle this lot.

ACE:

Shouldn't have to though, should you? (TO THUGS) Why don't you pick on someone your own size.

TERRY:

We will. When they get here. Do one, pipsqueak.

ACE:

(CALLING) I don't think you're hearing me. Maybe this'll clear out your lugholes.

(FX: ACE DRAWS BASEBALL BAT FROM BACKPACK, HITS CAR, SETTING OFF CAR ALARM THROUGH FOLLOWING)

TERRY:

Whoah! What you do that for?

ACE:

Hardly dented it! Just enough to get everyone's attention. There's plenty more where that came from. Next one'll be in your mush. Some people think it's a little old-fashioned, but this baseball bat's seen off uglier mugs than yours.

LILY:

I like your style, kid.

(FX: POLICE SIRENS IN DISTANCE, THUGS START ADVANCING)

TERRY:

(STOPPING HIS MATES) Hold on. Mr Thomas don't want us making a show. We'll pick you up later, Mrs Finnegan. Come on lads. Before the bizzies get here.

LILY:

Go on. Do one.

(FX: THUGS RUN OFF)

LILY:

(CALLING AFTER) And you tell him 'Happy New Year' from me.

(TO ACE) They're right. The bizzies'll be on their way, but we've a few minutes grace. Response time's not been up to much since they were all privatised. Follow me, kid.

(FX: LILY STARTS WALKING, CAR ALARM RECEDES. ACE FOLLOWS, BOTH WALKING THROUGH FOLLOWING)

ACE:

You all right? Were they after your handbag?

LILY:

No. Leopardskin's not quite young Terry's style. I'm fine. Brave little scally, aren't ya?

ACE:

I do my best. Just don't like bullies.

LILY:

Come'ead. This way. I'll show my appreciation.

ACE:

There's no need. Honestly. I was just out for a stroll.

LILY:

A stroll in New Hoyalake, on New Years Eve, armed with a baseball bat? Pull the other one.

ACE:

Got me there. You were right first time. Think of me as a 'concerned citizen'.

LILY:

(STOPS) Tell you what. How'd you fancy VIP passes for Finnegans tonight? Hottest ticket in town. You'll have to scrub up though... You and your mates.

ACE:

(STOPS) I don't have any mates. Not here. Not now.

LILY:

Little girl lost eh? (WALKING AGAIN) Come along, Cinders. Lily says you shall go to the ball. Nearly there. Just round this corner.

ACE:

(FOLLOWING) What's 'Finnegans' anyway?

LILY:

You what? Please tell me you've heard of Finnegans? (SOTTO) Else I'll have to fire that promoter.

ACE:

I'm... new in town.

LILY:

(STOPS) Well, there it is. My name in lights. Lily Finnegan. At your service. Come up for a cuppa, and I'll sort your tickets... Miss...?

ACE:

Ace. The name's Ace.

SCENE 17: INT. HILDA'S HOUSE, FRONTROOM

(FX: CUP AND SAUCER HANDED TO DOCTOR)

DOCTOR:
Thank you.

HILDA:
There we are. Now. How about a bit of cake?

DOCTOR:
It's very kind of you to offer. But I'm afraid I...

HILDA:
(GOING TO HALL) Won't be a mo. I just need to find.. Oh... Of course...

(COMING BACK) Sorry, young Sal had the last of it when she brought me back my shopping. Tell you what. I'll open a packet of Bourbons. (GOES OFF AGAIN)

DOCTOR:
Please, Mrs Schofield. There's really no need.

HILDA:
(COMING BACK WITH BISCUIT TIN) Sorry, you must think I'm doolally. I remember now, I forgot to put them on the list. She came back from the shops and I said 'where's the chocolate Bourbons, Sal?' Bourbons, she says, what Bourbons?'

The ones on the list, I said. Where on the list? And she showed me. Could have sworn I'd written it down. Still. It saves me a fiver. Bit of a luxury these days, aren't they?

Age is a terrible thing, Doctor Smith. As if the aches and pains aren't enough, your faculties start disappearing too. But then I suppose you know that. What with being a doctor and all.

Here. (OPENS BISCUIT TIN) Squashed fly is all I got.

DOCTOR:
I beg your pardon?

HILDA:
Garibaldi. Tommy always used to call 'em squashed fly biscuits. Never stopped him eating five at a go though! But I expect you know all about his appetite. As his commanding officer... That boy...

(CONT)

DOCTOR:

I don't want a garibaldi. Thank you. Please, won't you sit down.

HILDA:

(FLUSTERED) Oh. All right then. I suppose you wouldn't come all this way if it wasn't important... If you didn't have something to... (BREAKS OFF, NERVOUS, SITTING DOWN) Go on then. I'm... ready.

DOCTOR:

There really isn't an easy way to say this... Hilda... I'm afraid I have some very bad news.

SCENE 18. INT. FINNEGANS, OFFICE

(FX: GAMES CONSOLE SHOOT-EM-UP IN B/G, FOOTSTEPS ON STAIRS OUTSIDE, DOOR OPENS, ACE AND LILY ENTER)

LILY:

Come on in then. Meet my lads. Boys, this is Ace. She gave me a hand when I ran into some of our... friends.

ACE:

Er. Hiya.

LILY:

The ugly one with his nose in the book is Barry. (TO BARRY)
Barry! Stand up when a lady comes in a room!

BARRY:

(FX: GETS UP QUICKLY, SCRAPING CHAIR) Yes ma. Sorry ma.

LILY:

The one in the hoodie blowing up aliens is Robbie. I've given up teaching him manners. Say hello, boys.

BARRY:

Hullo. (FX: SITS DOWN AGAIN)

LILY:

See what I mean. I sometimes wonder if there's there anything going on under that hood, Robbie love.

BARRY:

Did they try it on again, ma? I told you you shouldn't have gone down the shops on your own.

LILY:

Yeah, you told me, but you didn't think to shift your carcass to go for me did ya?

(FX: CLIPS BARRY ROUND THE EAR)

BARRY:

Ma!

LILY:

Don't worry. Tonight it'll all be over for our Mr Thomas. Ace, love. Take a seat. Barry. Shift your chair. Let the young lady sit down.

(FX: CHAIRS SCRAPING)

ACE:

Er. Thanks. What's that you're reading? 'Clean Slate'?

BARRY:

Johnny Slater. You must have heard of him. Gangster. Got sent down in the nineties and made his first million by twenty-ten.

LILY:

Thinks he's an entrepreneur, our Barry does. Must be something in that book about getting off your backside and actually doing some work, though.

BARRY:

That don't start till chapter fifteen. Haven't got there yet.

LILY:

Robbie. Robbie, love. Say hello to the nice young lady. (BEAT)
Look at him. Another world.

(TO BARRY) How long's he been on that computer game? You know you shouldn't let him play more than half an hour at a time.

BARRY:

You try and get the controller off him.

LILY:

Now, have you boys done the bottling up?

BARRY:

Isn't that what we pay the barstaff for.

LILY:

Got an answer for everything, haven't ya? Typical. Biggest night of the year and I have to do everything myself.

BARRY:

I told you we should have started, Robbie.

(FX: BARRY KICKS ROBBIE, ROBBIE STARTS WHEEZING)

LILY:

Don't kick your brother, Barry! Now look. He's got all excited shooting them aliens. Take it easy Robbie love.

(FX: ROBBIE'S LABOURED BREATHING)

LILY:

You got your inhaler? Good.

(FX: SHAKES ASTHMA INHALER, TWO SPRAYS)

ACE:

Is he OK?

BARRY:

He's all right. Does it for the sympathy. Come on, Rob. We gotta check the deliveries.

(FX: FINNEGAN BOYS GO DOWNSTAIRS)

LILY:

Bless 'em. If they'd a brain cell between 'em they'd be dangerous. But they're my boys.

SCENE 19: INT. HILDA'S HOUSE, FRONTROOM

HILDA:

Dead? (BEAT) My Tommy's... dead?

DOCTOR:

I'm so very sorry, Mrs Schofield. Hilda... Thomas was... killed. In the line of duty.

HILDA:

Duty..?

DOCTOR:

He made a noble sacrifice. Many others owe their lives to him. Many others.

HILDA:

You were his commanding officer. You were responsible for him.

DOCTOR:

I know. If there were any way I could undo what happened, I would.

HILDA:

Don't be ridiculous. If there were anything to be done, you should've done it at the time.

DOCTOR:

I'm... sorry.

HILDA:

Where were you?

DOCTOR:

Behind enemy lines. I'm sorry I can't be more specific. It was... complicated.

HILDA:

No. I mean where were you? Where exactly were you? Or don't you remember where you were standing when my grandson got killed? I don't like to think of him... on his own.

DOCTOR:

No. He wasn't alone. We were all close by. I remember. You never forget. Never forget where. And when.

HILDA:

So. This happens to you a lot?

(CONT)

DOCTOR:

What?

HILDA:

I just want you to explain it to me... How come you're here and he's not?

DOCTOR:

Please, Mrs Schofield. He took the full force of... an attack... So others would survive.

HILDA:

Others? Like you, you mean? No. It can't be right. (TURNING ON DOCTOR) Why was he even there? This secret unit of yours. What had he to do with that? The military. He never wanted to be a soldier.

DOCTOR:

Mrs Schofield... we're not the military. We run... humanitarian missions.

HILDA:

He was a nurse. A nurse... Job for life I told him. Do something that people will always have a need for. It'll be a job for life. Not one that gets you killed.

DOCTOR:

I know... this must be very difficult for you...

HILDA:

I bet you have to do this all the time. Doctor flamin' Smith. Another house call. Another body. Another casualty of war. Well he wasn't just another body. He... he was my Tommy.

DOCTOR:

I know. I was very fond of him myself. That's why I-

HILDA:

(GETTING UPSET) Fond? You're not family. What do you know about fond? Thank God I've no idea where his poor mother is. But one day, I'm gonna have to tell her. Our little Tommy. He's not just another of your soldiers.

DOCTOR:

You're right, Mrs Schofield...

(CONT)

HILDA:

He was our Tommy. (FIGHTING SOBS) And there'll never be another one like him.

(FX: DOCTOR SHIFTING UNCOMFORTABLY, UNFOLDS NEWSPAPER)

DOCTOR:

Could I show you something... Hilda? I've organised a memorial. Something to remember him. So people could pay their respects.

HILDA:

A memorial? Today? On New Years Eve?

DOCTOR:

I'm sorry... I didn't really think about the timing... I placed an advert in the newspaper last week. The free one.

HILDA:

I don't hold with that rag. Junk mail. Goes straight in recycling.

DOCTOR:

(DISTRACTED) I realise now it was a risk. You might've seen it. Got upset. It was probably the wrong thing to do. (BEAT, SOTTO) I keep getting things wrong. (TO HILDA) The advert got quite a response. Will you come, Mrs Schofield? It's at the community centre. Round the corner.

HILDA:

Is he there?

DOCTOR:

Perhaps you didn't take it in. I told you, Mrs Schofield. Thomas is dead.

HILDA:

No, no I heard that all right. I'm old, I'm not simple. I mean, is his body there?

DOCTOR:

I'm afraid... it couldn't be recovered. (BEAT) Mrs Schofield.

HILDA:

(COMPOSING HERSELF) I'll come. Doctor Smith. I'll come. If there's no-one else to remember my boy, if that's the only way I get to say goodbye. Then I'll be there for him.

(GETTING UP) Give me ten minutes. Schofield women don't mess about.

(CONT)

DOCTOR:

Mrs Schofield. I really am very sorry.

HILDA:

(GOING INTO HALL) Don't let your tea get cold.

SCENE 20: INT. FINNEGANS, OFFICE

LILY:

(FX: HANDING TICKETS TO ACE) Here you are then. Your passes for tonight. You must have a fella you can bring along.

ACE:

No. Don't have much luck in that department. Too... busy...

LILY:

Yeah... You said you were new to the area. Well, maybe tonight you could meet someone?

ACE:

Not much chance of that. Thanks anyway.

(FX: BARRY AND ROBBIE COME UPSTAIRS AND ENTER)

BARRY:

All sorted ma. Barrels changed. Bottling up. Floats sorted. Spirit lorry hasn't been yet, but Mickey and Tina can take care of the optics when they get in.

LILY:

That's something, I suppose. I'll go down and check it all before we open. You can have another half hour on your game, Robbie love. Put the kettle on, Barry. You want another tea, Ace?

(FX: CONSOLE GAME STARTS UP AGAIN IN B/G)

ACE:

Actually, I should get going. There's somewhere I should be.

(FX: HAMMERING ON DOOR DOWNSTAIRS)

LILY:

See who that is, Barry. Might be the spirit man.

(FX: WINDOW SMASHING DOWNSTAIRS)

ACE:

If it is, he sounds a bit keen to deliver.

LILY:

Hold up, Barry. Have a look out the window.

(FX: BARRY OPENS WINDOW)

(CONT)

BARRY:

It's them. Thomas's lot. (CALLING OUT WINDOW) Oi. We're not open. And youse are all barred anyways.

TERRY:

(OUTSIDE) Mr Thomas sends his best. Happy New Year Finnegan!

(FX: CRASH OF BREAKING WINDOW, BATTERING DOOR)

BARRY:

(CALLING OUT WINDOW) Right. We're gonna do this are we? I'm coming down there and I'll-

LILY:

(INTERRUPTING) Hang on, Barry.

TERRY:

(OUTSIDE) You're not gonna be opening tonight Finnegan. Not when we've finished with ya!

LILY:

I thought this might happen. Think you can handle yourself, do you, girly? Why don't you stay and see the fun.

(FX: SMASHING DOOR DOWNSTAIRS, THUGS GETTING IN, SMASHING UP BAR CONTINUES THROUGH, OFF)

BARRY:

They're inside the bar. We should-

LILY:

(INTERRUPTING) Hold up... hold up. What would your book fella do? Johnny Slater? Don't go running to them. Let them come to us.

(FX: CONSOLE UNPLUGGED)

BARRY:

Shut that flamin' game off Robbie. Get up.

(FX: ROBBIE WHEEZING, INHALER SHAKES AND SPRAYS)

ACE:

Is he gonna be all right if it comes to a fight?

BARRY:

Oh yeah. You should see him in action. Come'ead. (CALLING DOWNSTAIRS) Right. You lot. We're coming for ya!

(CONT)

LILY:

I said hold on, Barry lad. You think they're not gonna have the stairs covered? Let them have their bit of fun.

ACE:

Sounds like they're smashing up the place. That wasn't just a random mugging was it? You're having some kind of argument?

LILY:

Good job the delivery hasn't been after all. We'll get the cleaners in early on overtime, two hours tops it'll be right. We'll open later if we have to. Mr Thomas wants this club for himself, they're not gonna do any real damage.

BARRY:

But ma...

LILY:

I said. Wait.

(FX: THUGS SMASHING UP DOWNSTAIRS)

SCENE 21: INT. COMMUNITY CENTRE

(FX: MURMURS OF SUBDUED GATHERING, A FEW DOZEN PEOPLE)

HILDA:

(WALKING THROUGH HALL) I'll admit it, Doctor Smith. There's more here than I thought there'd be. Sandwiches. Drinks. Quite a spread.

DOCTOR:

(WALKING) If there's one thing Mister Hex... Tommy... enjoyed. It was a party. Look. I thought I'd put this on the front table. So we remember why we're here.

HILDA:

(PICKING UP PHOTO) Framed photo. Nice touch, I suppose. Where did you get it?

DOCTOR:

My Ship keeps records...

HILDA:

Ship? Hm. Look at him. He looks older. All grown up.

DOCTOR:

Experience can do that. Confidence too.

HILDA:

Where was this taken? In one of them fun-parks? He did like Blackpool when he was a lad. The times I took him to that Pleasure Beach...

DOCTOR:

What makes you say that, Mrs Schofield?

HILDA:

There's two moons. Look.

DOCTOR:

Ah. So there are. Must be a trick of the light...

HILDA:

Well, this is all very civilised. You've made an effort. But then. It's only right you should. Who are all these lot?

DOCTOR:

Workmates. Fellow students. School friends.

HILDA:

Oh yes. I recognise the fella in the suit. Leo... Johnson was it? Right little tearaway.

DOCTOR:

I put out other adverts near his college, the hospitals he trained in... worked at. Some people have come a long way to remember him.

HILDA:

A photo and some cucumber sandwiches. Not much to show for a life is it?

DOCTOR:

Oh he meant much more than that, Hilda. Please. Take a seat. I'll get you a drink. A lemonade perhaps, or some tea?

HILDA:

A half of stout. That'll do me. Actually. As we're here to remember my Tommy, I'll have a brandy chaser too. And I'll try some of them sandwiches. Cheese. No pickle.

DOCTOR:

Cheese. No pickle. And your drinks. Then I'll... get proceedings underway.

SCENE 22: INT. FINNEGANS, OFFICE

BARRY:

They've stopped. They're gonna be coming up, ma.

LILY:

Right. Let 'em in then. We don't wanna have to replace the office door an' all.

TERRY:

(CALLING, OFF) We're coming for ya Finnegan!

ACE:

What do they want?

LILY:

To scare us. That's all. But now it's my turn. And they're gonna regret it.

(FX: THUGS RUNNING UPSTAIRS)

LILY:

Ooh. The barbarians are at the gates. Let them in, Robbie love.

(FX: DOOR OPENED, TERRY AND THUGS ENTER)

LILY:

Come in, come in. That all of youse? Close the door Robbie. You take that one.

ACE:

Look out!

(FX: BRIEF STRUGGLE, ROBBIE WHEEZING, RUSH OF AIR, THUG SUFFOCATING)

TERRY:

Dazza! What did you do to him! Wait till-

LILY:

(OVER HIM) I'll take these three.

(FX: THREE WHOOSHES OF SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION)

TERRY:

Aaaaarrgggh!

ACE:

What the-? How did you do that? You just looked at them and they...

LILY:

Spontaneous human combustion. Been a lot of it about lately. Can't think why.

ACE:

You did that. (BEAT) What are you?

LILY:

I'm complicated, chuck.

ACE:

But if you can burn them up... why didn't you do that before?

LILY:

Too many witnesses. I've gotta be able to stick around here the rest of the day without the bizzies knocking at my door. In here, there's no-one to see. None who's gonna talk about it anyways.

ACE:

So you're not such a helpless old dear after all.

LILY:

Yeah. You said you were new in town, little miss Ace. So you don't know me. I'm Lily Finnegan. I own half the clubs in this neighbourhood. And I didn't get hold of 'em by having a sweet and forgiving nature. The man who sent those thugs down there... He owns the other half. We're having a bit of a disagreement over our door policy. Amongst other things.

ACE:

You're gangsters. Fighting a turf war...

(FX: CAR AND VAN PULLING UP OUTSIDE)

LILY:

One way of putting it. What's happening out there, Barry?

BARRY:

Er, I dunno, ma.

LILY:

Look out the window then, you big lummoX.

(FX: ACTIVITY OUTSIDE THROUGH)

BARRY:

It's him. His motor's pulled up. A van too. There's another half dozen of 'em getting out. They're dragging a load of boxes, pipes, and stuff inside. They look like them smoke machines...

LILY:

Interesting. A new approach. Right. My audience awaits. Let's not disappoint.

ACE:

You're just going to... incinerate them all?

LILY:

Stay here darlin'. If you know what's good for you. Come on Robbie.

(FX: WHEEZING, INHALER SHAKES, SPRAYS)

LILY:

Excitement gets too much for him sometimes.

ACE:

I can see that.

LILY:

Lock her in. (EXITS)

ACE:

Hang on- Ooof! (SHOVED OVER)

BARRY:

(GOING OUT) Right ma. At last. Let's do this.

(FX: DOOR LOCKED)

LILY:

(OFF, GOING DOWNSTAIRS) Now, now boys. What do you want?

SCENE 23: INT. COMMUNITY CENTRE

(FX: CROWD MURMURING, FALLING SILENT)

DOCTOR:

(COUGHS FOR ATTENTION) Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking. It appears to fall to me to say a few words.

(SILENCE BROKEN BY A COUGH)

DOCTOR:

Thomas Hector Schofield was a... friend.

HILDA:

(CALLING FROM AUDIENCE, MATTER-OF-FACT) No he wasn't.

DOCTOR:

He was... my... colleague.

HILDA:

Tell it how it is Dr Smith. You sent him in. He was in your service. Under your protection.

DOCTOR:

I- I'm sorry. Mrs Schofield. I understand how you must be feeling-

HILDA:

No. You can't. You can't possibly understand.

(FX: SHOCKED MURMURS)

DOCTOR:

Please. I just wanted to say a few words. Then I thought others might like to take a turn. Have their say. Remember Thomas. I thought it might be helpful... I didn't mean...

HILDA:

(INTERRUPTING) Not very good at this are you?

DOCTOR:

I'm sorry... I... I can't do this... I keep getting it wrong... I can't do it on my own... I'm truly, truly sorry.

(FX: REAR DOORS SWING OPEN, FOOTSTEPS THROUGH HALL)

SALLY:

Doctor. Why don't you let me give you a hand?

SCENE 24: INT. FINNEGANS, CLUB

(FX: HISS OF GAS, THUGS SURROUND FINNEGANS)

LILY:

Clever. (COUGHING) I'll give you that. Can't catch a spark when the air's full of dry ice. C-0-2.

(FX: ROBBIE'S WHEEZING, INHALER SHAKING AND SPRAYS)

LILY:

All right, Robbie love? Playing havoc with my lad's breathing too. (BEAT) What's up? Cat got your tongues?

(FX: THUGS DRAW WEAPONS)

LILY:

Oh. You've brought some little toys with you?

BARRY:

They look like your hair-dryer, ma. What you gonna do with them? Blow-dry us to death?

LILY:

I think they're leavin' all the talking to the boss man. Where is he then? (CALLING) Come on in, soft lad. Don't stand on ceremony.

(FX: CAR DOOR OUTSIDE, FOOTSTEPS)

HECTOR:

(OFF) Youse all ready for me, then? (FX: ENTERING, CRUNCHING OVER BROKEN GLASS) Yalright? I'm just here to wish you Finnegans a Happy New Year.

SCENE 25: INT. COMMUNITY CENTRE

(FX: CROWD MURMURS IN ANTICIPATION, FALL SILENT AS SALLY BEGINS)

SALLY:

Hello. I'll try not to go on. I think he'd want me to get to the point...

My name's Sally Morgan. I had the honour of serving with Nurse Schofield. Hex. Tommy. On his final mission. We had to learn to work together quickly. There wasn't much time for team-bonding... Getting-to-know-you stuff. The things that keep a unit cohesive. Concentrated.

But still, even in the little time we had... We... connected. There was something about him. Something that made me feel safe. Protected.

And when someone's trying to help you... when they're trying to make a difference... If they're a nurse, a doctor, a soldier, whatever... I think that's one of the most important things they can do. If you're hurt. If you're scared. If you're down behind enemy lines, confused and afraid. If someone can make you feel safe. Looked after. That's worth a whole pack of meds.

That's what Hex did. I think everyone in this room must have got that from him at some time or other. Why else would we all be here?

(FX: MURMURS OF APPROVAL)

SALLY:

So, please. If you've all got a drink at the ready. Let's make a toast. To the New Year. Because he always grabbed anything new with both hands. He'd have taken hold of this new year and got the best from it. So should we. Think how privileged we are to have it to look forward to. When others... don't. (TOASTING) Happy New Year.

CROWD:

(TOASTING) 'Happy New Year', 'To the New Year'

SALLY:

And could you raise your glasses one more time. To the ones who didn't make it. To absent friends. To Thomas Hector Schofield. Best damn nurse in the universe. Here's to you, mate. (TOASTING) To Hex.

CROWD:

(TOASTING) To Hex.

SCENE 26: INT. FINNEGANS, OFFICE

(FX: THROUGH DOOR - MUFFLED HISS OF DRY ICE DOWNSTAIRS)

HECTOR:

(MUFFLED, OFF) Ready lads?

LILY:

(MUFFLED, OFF) After all that effort, lad? You're just gonna shoot us?

ACE:

(COUGHING, SOTTO) Dry ice... Loads of it. What are they doing down there?

(ACE STARTS FORCING OFFICE DOOR)

CROSS TO:

SCENE 27. INT. FINNEGANS, CLUB (CONTINUOUS)

LILY:

Come on, I thought you'd got some imagination this time!

HECTOR:

Oh, we have.

BARRY:

Did you get your little plassie guns out of a cracker?

(LAUGHING) Haha – plassie guns for plassie gangsters!

LILY:

All right, don't strain yourself, Barry. Is this what Father Christmas brought you? Funny, 'cos I'd heard you'd been a very bad boy.

HECTOR:

You don't know how bad. We got them off the Russian lot when they cleared out. They'd nicked them off their military back home.

CROSS BACK TO:

SCENE 28: INT. FINNEGANS, OFFICE (CONTINUOUS)

HECTOR:

(MUFFLED, THROUGH DOOR) Broke them out of a top secret weapons R&D station. They called 'em... something in Russian.

(FX: ACE FORCES OFFICE DOOR OPEN, FOLLOW HER CREEPING DOWNSTAIRS, VOICES BECOMING CLEARER)

HECTOR:

(JUST OFF) It meant 'Brain-stopper'. They fire a targeted electro-magnetic pulse at the cortex. Stops all brain activity. Stone dead.

ACE:

(STOPPING ON STAIRS, CLOSE) Hang on... That sounds like...

(ACE CREEPS ON DOWNSTAIRS, WAITS INSIDE STAIRWELL)

LILY:

Very enterprising. Though with our Barry, I don't know how you'll tell the difference...

BARRY:

Ma!

(FX: INHALER SHAKE AND SPRAY)

LILY:

Alright, Robbie love? Well. Are you all talk Mr Thomas? Or are you actually gonna do something with your knock-off noggin nobblers? Cos either way, I can't stand here all night.

HECTOR:

That's the way you want it? You heard Mrs Finnegan. Let 'em have it, lads.

BARRY:

Ma! You can't let him-

LILY:

(OVER HIM) Be brave, my boys! Be brave!

(FX: THREE ELECTRONIC PULSES, FINNEGANS CRY OUT AND BODIES FALL TO FLOOR)

HECTOR:

Nice one lads. Job done. Again. Maybe we can have a quiet night now? See the New Year in back at our gaff. In peace. Hang on.

(FX: FOOTSTEPS ON BROKEN GLASS)

HECTOR:

(CALLING) Oi. You. On the stairs. Come out where we can see ya!
I could send my lads to get you, but I've had a long day and
I'd rather do this the easy way.

ACE:

(CALLING, OFF) All right. Put your ray guns down, I'm coming.
(ENTERING ROOM) Oh my God... It is... I don't believe it...

HECTOR:

(LAUGHS) I can have this effect on the ladies.

ACE:

But... Mate... It's you... Hex?

HECTOR:

(ANNOYED) Hex? Don't call me Hex. The name's Hector Thomas.

(BEAT) Who the hell are you?

END OF PART TWO

PART THREE — THE GANGS OF NEW HOYLAKE

SCENE 29: EXT. OUTSIDE COMMUNITY CENTRE

(FX: RAIN, DOOR OPENS)

SALLY:

(CALLING) Doctor? Doctor. There you are. What are you doing out here?

DOCTOR:

(CALLING) Keeping dry. Why don't you join me?

(FX: SALLY RUNS TO SHELTER UNDER UMBRELLA, RAIN ON IT)

SALLY:

For once, I'm glad you brought this stupid umbrella with you.

DOCTOR:

Just a passing shower. I hope. (BEAT) Private Morgan. Sally. Thank you.

SALLY:

It's nothing. It's the least I could do for you. For him. Why don't you come back inside?

DOCTOR:

I'm not sure I'd be very welcome.

SALLY:

It's still very raw for her. Give it time. Can't we sit on the porch at least? Out of the rain.

DOCTOR:

You're right. This umbrella's not big enough for the both of us. How is it? Inside?

SALLY:

(WALKING) Hilda's telling stories to his mates now.

DOCTOR:

(WALKING) You seem to know her?

SALLY:

(WALKING) I met her a few weeks ago. She's been under the impression I was sent by the council. Community support. Helping out with shopping. That kind of thing. It's been nice getting to know her.

(FX: THEY WALK INTO COVERED PORCH, RAIN ON PLASTIC ROOF)

SALLY:

(FX: WIPING BENCH) Here. I'll dry the bench for you.

DOCTOR:

(FX: SHAKING AND FOLDING UMBRELLA, SITTING) Thank you. Always willing to help, Sally Morgan. How long is it since you left us?

SALLY:

Six months. Almost. The Captain and I had some fun trying to get back into Britain and prove who we were.

DOCTOR:

Yes... I'm sorry I didn't drop you somewhere more convenient.

SALLY:

No. It helped, actually. An objective. Something to keep us occupied.

DOCTOR:

So, your objective was to make it all the way here. To Liverpool. To look up Hex's family. You and Ace. Both with the same instinct. Human instinct.

SALLY:

How is Ace?

DOCTOR:

I'm not sure I can answer that question... yet. (BEAT) What happened to Lysandra?

SALLY:

Last I heard she was freelancing in the new African states. Enjoyng herself. Well, in as much as she ever enjoys anything..

DOCTOR:

Poor Lysandra. Another of the walking wounded. Another one of my victims...

SALLY:

Doctor? What are you talking about?

DOCTOR:

Oh, ignore me, Sally. Ace and I have had... words.

SALLY:

(BEAT) Look. If you're not ready to go back in, why don't I get you a drink? I know I need a coffee. Besides. I've things I need to tell you. I've come across some... weird stuff.

DOCTOR:

Weird how?

SALLY:

I'm not sure yet. I'm hoping you can tell me. There's... something going on here. In New Hoylake. And it's got something to do with Hex.

DOCTOR:

Now why doesn't that surprise me?

SCENE 30: INT. FINNEGANS, CLUB

(FX: HECTOR PACING OVER BROKEN GLASS)

HECTOR:

So, you think you know me?

ACE:

You've grown a 'tache and put on a suit. But yeah, I know you all right.

HECTOR:

Well, I think I'd remember you. But I don't. Never seen you before in my life.

ACE:

Absolutely sure about that, are you?

HECTOR:

I'm sure about everything. You definitely don't know me. Who are you anyway? You don't look like one of their usual crowd.

ACE:

The name's Ace. (BEAT) Or McShane. And I'm not their friend. In fact, I'd just become a disposable witness. (BEAT) You really don't remember?

HECTOR:

I really don't. 'Ace', eh? You're a strange one. Not your usual club type either.

ACE:

And what's that?

HECTOR:

Dolled up to the nines, spray tan and bling. You've not made an effort. What are they? Doc Martens?

ACE:

Sorry to disappoint, Peter Stringfellow. We don't all have to strip down to our smalls for a night out, you know. You're hardly Mr Fashion yourself.

HECTOR:

What was it you called me?

ACE:

Peter Stringfellow?

HECTOR:

No, before that.

ACE:

Hex.

HECTOR:

Yeah. Thought so... You haven't got a mate here? Blonde bird, green eyes?

ACE:

That your type, is it? No. I don't know anyone here. As I keep telling people, I'm new in town.

HECTOR:

Interesting... (TO HIS MEN) Right lads. This Finnegan lot aren't going anywhere. Let's get rid.

(FX: HECTOR'S MEN PICKING UP BODIES, DRAGGING THEM OFF)

HECTOR:

We tried cremation. Dumping in the Mersey didn't work... (CALLING) Stick 'em in the wasteground by the docks.

ACE:

(SHOCKED) You're really not him are you?

HECTOR:

Who? This 'Hex' of yours?

ACE:

Dumping bodies. Running gangs... not his style at all.

HECTOR:

Hey. The Finnegans started this. I'm only doing what I've been forced to do. Just hope it works this time.

ACE:

Works?

HECTOR:

Yeah... You see, it's not even the first time we've killed 'em this month. (BEAT) And not the first time someone's called me Hex either.

ACE:

But you look exactly like him. Everything's the same. Down to the scar on your eyebrow.

HECTOR:

Funny. Cos I'm getting déjà vu myself here. (BEAT) Tell you what, 'Ace'. Why don't you come back to mine and you can tell me all about it...

ACE:

Normally, I'd run a mile at cheese like that. But, you know. As it's you... Why not?

SCENE 31: EXT. COMMUNITY CENTRE PORCH

(FX: LAUGHTER AND MUSIC OFF INSIDE, RAIN ON PORCH ROOF, DOOR CLOSES, SALLY WALKS OUT TO SIT WITH DOCTOR)

SALLY:

(SITTING) Here. Tea. Four sugars. It's turning into quite a party in there.

DOCTOR:

Just what he'd have wanted. Thank you. So. What brought you here, Sally? And what have you found?

SALLY:

Back when I first met Hex. When you were... missing. He told me about his nan. How she'd brought him up. We had a few things in common.

DOCTOR:

You were looked after by your grandfather. (SOTTO) Reminded me of... someone.

SALLY:

So when I got back, I wanted to meet her. Talk to her. Connect. But I kept putting it off. Kept finding other things to do. In the end, I tracked her down. Got here a month ago.

DOCTOR:

You didn't introduce yourself straight away?

SALLY:

No. Something came up. Something in the newspaper.

DOCTOR:

Not my advert. Too early for that.

SALLY:

No. It was pure chance. I was reading the paper in a café when I saw the photograph. Some gala charity night. Local celebs being snapped at a nightclub. But in the background...

(FX: SALLY TAKES NEWSPAPER CUTTING FROM INSIDE COAT)

SALLY:

Here, look.

DOCTOR:

But that's...

SALLY:

Yes. Or someone who looks just like him.

DOCTOR:

What did you do next?

CROSS-FADE TO:

SCENE 32: INT. EMPIRE NIGHTCLUB [FLASHBACK] (CONTINUOUS)

SALLY:

(V/O) I started to dig... Mr Hector Thomas, local businessman. Nightclub owner... among other interests. Only, he'd appeared on the scene a year ago, bought out a load of businesses, and built an empire in months. I thought I should say hello.

(FX: FADE UP NIGHTCLUB CROWD, MUSIC)

SALLY:

(OVER MUSIC) Is Mr Thomas in tonight?

TERRY:

(OVER MUSIC) You again. I told you last week. No-one sees Mr Thomas unless he wants them to. However pretty you are.

SALLY:

But I've tried calling. Have you any idea how hard it is to pin him down?

MORTIMER:

(BEHIND HER) Here. Don't worry about him, love. Let me buy you a drink.

SALLY:

I'm OK, thanks.

MORTIMER:

No. I really think you want me to buy you a drink. (CLOSE) Private Morgan.

SALLY:

What? How do you-?

MORTIMER:

(CLOSE) Not here. Come to the end of the bar.

(FX: SALLY FOLLOWS MORTIMER THROUGH JOSTLING CROWD, AWAY FROM MUSIC. AT THE BAR, CLINKING GLASSES.)

SALLY:

(TO SELF) Now where did you go...?

MORTIMER:

(CALLING) Over here. I've got us a table.

(FX: SALLY JOINS HIM IN QUIETER AREA)

MORTIMER:

(CLOSE) Don't worry. I'm not trying to pick you up. Look.

SALLY:

(CLOSE) Is that a warrant card?

MORTIMER:

Detective Inspector Mortimer. Like you, I've an interest in Mr Thomas' activities. Only I'm not drawing attention to myself.

(FX: SCUFFLING IN B/G)

BARRY:

(OFF) Get your vouchers! Free champagne at Finnegans!

MORTIMER:

Hello. It's kicking off sooner than we thought. (TO LAPEL RADIO) All available officers. Bar area. Office entrance.

SALLY:

You're staking this place out? Is he in trouble with the law?

MORTIMER:

Quick on the uptake aren't you? Actually, I'd say the law's the least of his worries. Now the Finnegans have taken an interest.

BARRY:

(CALLING, OFF) Here you go! Get your flyers here! Free champagne to the first fifty VIP guests at Finnegans.

(FX: OFFICE DOOR OPENS, HECTOR AND BARRY DIALOGUE TAKES PLACE SHORT DISTANCE FROM SALLY AND MORTIMER'S TABLE)

HECTOR:

(CALLING) Get out Finnegan. Before my lads get you out.

BARRY:

(OFF, MOCK INNOCENT) We're just giving away some leaflets for our promotion, Mr Thomas.

HECTOR:

(OFF) In my club. It's not the first time you've been caught. How did ya even get past the door?

BARRY:

(OFF) Very persuasive is our kid. When he wants to be.

(FX: INHALER SHAKE AND SPRAY)

HECTOR:

(OFF) Well I'm telling you to get your boys and girls out now. Pick up your litter an' all.

SALLY:

(GETTING UP FROM TABLE, CALLING) Hex! Mr Thomas!

MORTIMER:

(GRABBING HER ARM, CLOSE) What are you doing, Morgan? Stay here!

HECTOR:

(OFF) I said. Pick it up.

BARRY:

(TO HECTOR) You gonna make me are you?

HECTOR:

(OFF) Naah. I employ people to chuck out the rubbish. Don't wanna get my hands dirty. I'll leave you to take care of business, Terry?

TERRY:

Yes, Mr Thomas, sir. (FX: PUNCHING BARRY)

(FX: FIGHT STARTS)

MORTIMER:

(GETTING UP, TO RADIO) All units. Get in here. Now!

HECTOR:

(CALLING) Alright, D.I. Mortimer?

(FX: GOES BACK IN OFFICE, CLOSES DOOR, SALLY RUNS OVER)

MORTIMER:

(CALLING AFTER HER) Morgan!

SALLY:

(FX: BANGING ON DOOR) Mr Thomas, wait! Ow- (FX: SALLY GRABBED BY ROBBIE)

(FX: WHEEZING CLOSE TO SALLY'S EAR)

SALLY:

Get off. You don't sound all that healthy. I'd hate to hit an invalid.

(FX: STRUGGLE, COMBAT MOVES, SHE PINS HIM DOWN)

SALLY:

There. Told you. Sorry. Hang on... what's under that hood?

(FX: RUSHING AIR)

SALLY:

Oh... my... [God...]

(FX: POLICE RUN IN, B/G CLUB MUSIC CUT, CLUBGOERS PANIC)

MORTIMER:

(CALLING) Police! Everyone stay where you are!

BARRY:

(GETTING GRABBED) Get off! I weren't doing nothing!

(FX: SALLY PUSHED OVER, WHEEZING ROBBIE RUNS OFF)

SALLY:

(GETTING UP) That man... he...

MORTIMER:

(CALLING) Morgan! Over here. (TO POLICE) You men. Arrest that lot.

BARRY:

(FX: BEING DRAGGED AWAY BY POLICE) This is victimisation! I'm just an entrepreneur. Trying to do business.

MORTIMER:

(CALLING AFTER) Yeah, in someone else's business.

SALLY:

Mortimer. What's going on? There was another one. I had him pinned down. He... he didn't... I mean... he had no...

MORTIMER:

Robbie Finnegan. Always seems to give us the slip. Do me a favour, Morgan, and accompany my men back to the station. I just need a word with Mr Thomas.

SCENE 33: INT. POLICE STATION, MORTIMER'S OFFICE
[FLASHBACK]

SALLY:

(V/O) So, I went to the police station with the others. Half an hour later, Mortimer told me Thomas wasn't pressing charges and the Finnegan gang would all get out next morning. Apparently this happened most weekends. But the D.I. wanted to talk to me about something else.

(FX: BUSY OFFICE OUTSIDE, CUT OUT BY CLOSING OFFICE DOOR)

MORTIMER:

(GIVING TEA) Here. Hot sweet tea.

SALLY:

Thanks, but... I don't take sugar.

MORTIMER:

Course not. So. You gonna tell me why special ops is keeping tabs on Liverpool clubland? This is my operation, I should've been told.

SALLY:

Special ops?

MORTIMER:

Don't deny it. We've been watching you for days. Picked you up hanging around on the club CCTV. You obviously weren't just another of Thomas' groupies. Ran your face off the central database. Private Sally Morgan of the King's New Delta. Co-opted to special international investigations by 'The Department'. Some special weapons expert, eh?

SALLY:

Ah yes. I'm undercover... Deep undercover. So... what do you think I can do for you?

MORTIMER:

We've a gang war going on in New Hoylake. This whole place was supposed to be a brand new start after the twenty-twenty riots. Urban renewal. But however nice they make the dockside apartments and plazas... it doesn't stop the rats getting in.

(FX: CROSSING TO FILING CABINET, OPENS DRAWER) Course, the clubs were always run by the more... dubious elements. But it's stepped up a gear the last few weeks. We'd seen disappearances before. But you never know with gangs. They go off to other cities. They don't wanna be found. But then... we started finding bodies.

(FX: OPENS FOLDER OF PHOTOS ON DESK) As you're here, maybe you can tell me what caused this. Crime scenes. These two from October. These are all November. This one's last week.

SALLY:

(FX: LOOKING THROUGH PHOTOS) Oh my... This is horrible. What's happened to them? They've been incinerated.

MORTIMER:

Completely carbonised. Odd thing was, nothing around them was touched. That one was sitting in his car. Still had a sarnie on the dashboard. Not even toasted.

SALLY:

And these two? They're different. They look untouched.

MORTIMER:

Externally, yeah... But the lungs were completely deflated. Like someone hooked them up to a vacuum. Blood deoxygenated. Weird stuff. No explanation.

SALLY:

Who were they?

MORTIMER:

Took us a while to work it out, but these guys were Russian mercenaries. Ex-military. Guess that's who your lot are tracking. That one's still unknown, but I'd lay odds he's got a granddad called Boris.

SALLY:

When were they found?

MORTIMER:

First one a couple of months ago. Like I said, there were probably more. But it's like they don't care anymore. That or they're sending a message.

SALLY:

A message?

MORTIMER:

Strikes me there's something ritualistic about them.

SALLY:

I didn't want to say this before. But that boy who grabbed me. Back at the club...

MORTIMER:

Robbie Finnegan. The younger brother. We don't seem to have anything on him.

SALLY:

This is gonna sound mad, but... I saw under his hood... There was nothing there.

MORTIMER:

A headless gangster? Why not. It's no less plausible than anything else around here. You should stick close to my unit.

SALLY:

Thanks... but I'm happy carrying out my own investigations.

MORTIMER:

Maybe I should call this Department of yours and see if they can't send me someone more co-operative? (FX: LIFTS PHONE)

SALLY:

(QUICKLY) Not that I'm unwilling to lend a hand. If you need me.

MORTIMER:

It's Thomas you're most interested in, is it?

SALLY:

You think he's got something to do with the deaths?

MORTIMER:

In a way. The last one. The one from last week. It's his man.

SALLY:

Then it must be this other gang. These Finnegans.

MORTIMER:

It's a question of evidence. They're too careful for that. Like I said. The bodies are clean.

SALLY:

What else can you tell me about them? Thomas and the Finnegans?

MORTIMER:

Well, Hector Thomas came from nowhere. A self-made man. Bought out the Empire at the start of the year. That was another disappearance. The previous owner...

Anyway, the Finnegans turned up about the same time. Started with the usual stuff. Opened their own place in the spring. Then word got out they were running the doors on the other clubs. Saw off a few more owners. Then they made a move on Thomas, and they've been at it like cat and dog ever since.

SALLY:

Sounds like things are coming to a head.

MORTIMER:

Been brewing for weeks. And we're heading into holiday season. Christmas and New Year. A lot of people could get hurt. You need some help? I could spare a couple of men.

SALLY:

Thanks for the offer, Detective Mortimer. But I can look after myself.

MORTIMER:

Take my card. Call if you need anything. (GETTING UP) I'm starving. Gonna get some chips from the canteen. Want anything?

SALLY:

Er... I'm fine thanks. Mind if I look through this file?

MORTIMER:

Knock yourself out.

(FX: MORTIMER'S FOOTSTEPS GOING OFF, SALLY LOOKING THROUGH FILE)

CROSS-FADE TO:

SCENE 34: EXT. COMMUNITY CENTRE PORCH

(FX: RAIN STOPPING, BIRDS STARTING TO SING)

SALLY:

So I ended up working for the police. Not exactly lying to them.

DOCTOR:

...just not correcting his mistaken assumptions. Yes, it's astounding how far that can get you...

SALLY:

I picked up all kinds of useful tricks travelling with you.

DOCTOR:

So who is this mysterious Mr Thomas? Did you find out any more about him?

SALLY:

Better than that Doctor. I met him. (BEAT) He's got a penthouse. On the dockside. You see, I'd got nowhere by myself, trying to get to him in his clubs. But I found the home address in Mortimer's files. Along with a schedule of his bodyguards' shifts.

DOCTOR:

And you decided to pay a visit. By yourself. Ever resourceful, ever brave. Sally Morgan.

SALLY:

Stupid of me really... Anyway. I worked out the changeover times. Found the address. And made sure he was home.

CROSS-FADE TO:

SCENE 35: EXT. PENTHOUSE, BALCONY [FLASHBACK]

SALLY:

(V/O) There was always someone on guard at the main entrance. So I waited till dark, and climbed up to the balcony next door.

(FX: SALLY CLIMBING, SWINGS OVER RAILINGS ONTO BALCONY)

SALLY:

(SOTTO) Sorry, whoever you are, but I'm sure you can afford the insurance..

(FX: GLASS-CUTTING TOOLS DOOR)

SALLY:

(V/O) Cut through the window with my diamond-cutters. Still got my TARDIS kit-bag, you see.

SCENE 36: INT. PENTHOUSE [FLASHBACK] (CONTINUOUS)

(FX: CRACKING GLASS, DOOR FORCED, SALLY CREEPS THROUGH EMPTY APARTMENT, UNLOCKS FRONT DOOR)

SALLY:

(V/O) Went through the apartment to the hall outside Thomas's. I knew the guards were switching downstairs. My sonic-lockpicks made short work of his security bolts.

(FX: UNLOCKING DOOR WITH DEVICE)

SALLY:

(V/O) Bingo. I was in.

SCENE 37: INT. HECTOR'S PENTHOUSE [FLASHBACK] (CONTINUOUS)

(FX: DOOR CLOSSES BEHIND SALLY)

SALLY:

(PANTING, RECOVERING) Made it...

(FX: SLOW HANDCLAP, OFF IN BEDROOM)

HECTOR:

(CALLING, OFF) You must really, really want to meet me. Grab yourself a glass of vino. There's a bottle open on the side.

SALLY:

No thanks... I... I...

HECTOR:

(CALLING, OFF) Well, come in if you're coming.

(FX: FOLLOW SALLY'S STEPS THROUGH TO BEDROOM)

HECTOR:

Been watching you on my security cams. Beats 'Police Chase Action'. Had a great angle from the car park when you were climbing that wall. Some people just look good in combat gear, eh?

SALLY:

Why didn't you call your men?

HECTOR:

I think I can handle you. Besides, always keep a loaded weapon under my pillow. Have to sleep with some protection. But really it's just for show. Don't mean you any harm...

SALLY:

I just wanted to see you. To talk.

HECTOR:

Talk? Yeah right. (BEAT) Who sent ya?

SALLY:

Nobody sent me... I... (BEAT) Look. Do you know who I am? Hex? Don't you remember?

HECTOR:

Hex? What's that when it's at home? Hex... Hector... I get it. Don't know if I like it though. Who said you could be so familiar, eh?

SALLY:

I didn't... I mean, I don't...

HECTOR:

You haven't thought this through. Hey, I've no objection. You know... since you've gone to all this trouble, I hope we can be mates. I know we've only just met... but I feel a connection. Do you feel it too?

SALLY:

It's not you, is it? Hex wouldn't do this. He wouldn't behave like this.

HECTOR:

I can behave however you want, babes. Or misbehave.

SALLY:

No... No. I shouldn't have done this... I shouldn't be here.

(FX: RUNS FROM ROOM)

HECTOR:

(LAUGHING, CALLING) Something I said?

(FX: FRONT DOOR SLAMS, OFF)

CUT BACK TO:

SCENE 38: EXT. COMMUNITY CENTRE PORCH

SALLY:

I ran. He was so like him... but so unlike him. Hex would never try it on like that. I don't think so anyway.

DOCTOR:

The more I hear about this Mr Thomas, the more he worries me. I need to find Ace. She should be here soon. In fact I thought she'd be here already...

SALLY:

I did wonder if she'd placed the ad...

DOCTOR:

No. I need to get Ace away from here, before she stumbles into anything dangerous.

SALLY:

Yeah. Whoever that Mr Thomas is. He's not Hex.

SCENE 39: INT. THOMAS' PENTHOUSE

(FX: CHAMPAGNE CORK POP, POURING FIZZ)

HECTOR:

Hope you don't think it's too extravagant. It is New Year after all.

ACE:

Course. Go on then. Nice view. Must be expensive.

HECTOR:

So's this champagne.

(FX: FRIDGE OPENS, BOTTLES RATTLE)

ACE:

Blimey. Your fridge is bigger than my mum's house. How many bottles you got in there?

HECTOR:

Always have something to celebrate. And something to celebrate with. That's my motto.

ACE:

(LOOKING IN FRIDGE) No mouldy cheese. Not even a bottle of milk.

HECTOR:

I'm a busy man. Spend most of my time out and about.

ACE:

What about that one in the box on the top shelf? (READING) 'La -vissa...'

HECTOR:

Lavissa Sous Vent (*la-vee-se-soo-von*).

ACE:

That's French for... something under the wind...

(FX: CLOSES FRIDGE)

HECTOR:

Monsieur Lavissa's mountainside vineyard. Not many of them left now. Even in the South of France. I'm saving that one. That's for a very, very special occasion.

ACE:

What about the rest of this place. You saving that too? Doesn't look like that cooker's ever been switched on.

HECTOR:

Like I said, I'm out and about. Besides. What's the point of owning half a dozen restaurants and not using them, eh?

ACE:

So it's not just nightclubs then?

HECTOR:

I worked hard to get where I am. Started with nothing. Had nothing to lose. (BEAT) Why don't I give you the tour. This way, Ace.

ACE:

Hang on. That's the bedroom. My mum warned me about drinking champagne with strange men in their bedrooms.

HECTOR:

(GOING THROUGH TO BALCONY) Ah. But there's something else too. A balcony. Come'ead. I thought you liked the view?

ACE:

(JOINING HIM) The dock... the marina. And what's that (READING) 'The... McCartney Museum'?

HECTOR:

Makes a change from prison bars. That was all I could see not so long ago.

ACE:

You've... spent time in jail?

HECTOR:

Don't worry. Petty stuff. Nicking bikes, cars. Dodgy deals. Stupidity of youth, eh? But once I was inside, that's when I decided. I'd make something of meself.

ACE:

I just can't get over it... You look so much like him.

HECTOR:

Your mate? Well. I hope we can be mates too. Something more maybe. You know... I barely know you, but I feel a connection. Can you feel it too?

ACE:

I know... it's weird, but...

HECTOR:

Cheers, Ace.

(FX: CLINK GLASSES)

ACE:

Cheers, Hex. Sorry, Hector.

HECTOR:

You all right? You're shivering.

ACE:

December, innit? And...

HECTOR:

Do I scare you? I hope... I don't.

ACE:

No. No. The opposite really. You make me feel really safe. I... miss you.

HECTOR:

Hey. Come here. Happy New Year.

(FX: KISS)

ACE:

Wait... Are you...? (BEAT) Happy New Year.

(FX: FULL-ON SNOG)

SCENE 40: EXT. COMMUNITY CENTRE PORCH

(FX: DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING, PARTYING INSIDE, FOOTSTEPS)

SALLY:

(RETURNING) Here. Got you another tea.

DOCTOR:

Thank you. Sometimes I think the wheels of the universe are oiled with tea. (TAKES A SIP) Where is she, I wonder?

SALLY:

She? Oh. You mean Ace.

DOCTOR:

I did what she asked. And she hasn't even turned up.

SALLY:

Doctor. I've just seen Hilda in there. Talking to his friends. Smiling. You did a good thing here. She's getting to hear new things about him. Meet people who knew him. Connect with him again for one last time.

DOCTOR:

I did it for Ace too, though, Sally. To show her I understood. About consequences. Human consequences.

SALLY:

Maybe just knowing you did it is enough? Maybe she couldn't face it herself? They were close, after all...

DOCTOR:

Yes, they were...

SALLY:

Ace can take care of herself.

DOCTOR:

Can she? I'm not so sure. She's not used to dealing with human emotions. She's spent too long with me.

SCENE 41: INT. HECTOR'S PENTHOUSE

(FX: KISSES)

HECTOR:

I've not met anyone like you before, Ace.

ACE:

(SOTTO) Funny that. I've met someone just like you. But not...
(GETTING UP) Hey. The rain's stopped. That'll be good for business.

HECTOR:

D'you wanna refill?

ACE:

You've shown me some of your tricks. Now let me show you one of mine. (SOTTO) Something that might jog your memory if there's any chance it is you...

HECTOR:

(CALLING, GOING TO KITCHEN) Hang on. I'll go and grab my Lavissa. In case we're still out at midnight.

ACE:

Oh, we can be out at any time you like. Get your coat. What I want to show you's only round the corner.

HECTOR:

(FX: GETTING DRESSED) Only I'm thinking I should put in an appearance. At the Empire. You know, lead the Auld Lang Syne-ing.

ACE:

I'll tell you one thing, Hector Thomas. You think your gaff is nice, mine's gonna blow your socks off...

SCENE 42: EXT. DOCKSIDE

(FX: PARTY BOAT PASSES ON MERSEY, HORNS CHEERS, SEAGULLS CALLING, CLOCK STRIKING NINE IN B/G)

(FX: UNEARTHLY WHOOSHING AND GRINDING AS THE FINNEGANS COME BACK INTO EXISTENCE)

LILY:

(DISTORT) Aaaaaaaarrgghh. Oooh. That hurts every flaming time.

BARRY:

(DISTORT) Uuurggh! (PANTS FOR BREATH)

LILY:

Where's our Robbie?

(FX: WHOOSH, AS ROBBIE REFORMS)

BARRY:

Here he is. Yalright, little bro?

(FX: ROBBIE WHEEZES, SHAKES AND SPRAYS INHALER)

BARRY:

What are we doing on the docks, ma? Why didn't we come back in the club like before?

LILY:

Look at the time. Not long left now. Anyway, I didn't wanna be late for an appointment.

BARRY:

What appointment?

(FX: CAR DRIVES UP ON WASTEGROUND, DOOR OPENS, FOOTSTEPS ON RUBBLE APPROACH)

LILY:

(CALLING) Over here.

BARRY:

Him. What's he doing here?

LILY:

We've got a little arrangement. Haven't we, Detective Inspector?

MORTIMER:

(FX: FOOTSTEPS STOPPING) Mrs Finnegan. Oh. You two, as well. I had hoped we could keep... this just between us.

LILY:

Aw, Derek, luv. They're family. Won't breathe a word. I promise.

(FX: INHALER SHAKE AND SPRAY)

LILY:

Boys, go and play with the seagulls. Me and the policeman have grown-up things to talk about.

BARRY:

(GRUDGINGLY) All right, ma.

(FX: BARRY AND ROBBIE TRUDGE OFF THROUGH RUBBLE)

LILY:

Don't worry about them. Besides. We'll all be out of your hair after tonight.

MORTIMER:

So. You've got the final instalment?

LILY:

Here. Been burning a hole in my handbag all day. The last ten thousand. Making a round two hundred K in total.

(FX: HANDING OVER JIFFY-BAG)

MORTIMER:

In these uncertain times, nothing talks like cold hard cash...

LILY:

Not when you lost a bundle in bad investments, eh Mr Mortimer? You all had such high hopes for New Hoylake.

MORTIMER:

But this'll be the end of it, right?

LILY:

Like I said. It'll all be over after tonight.

MORTIMER:

The girl I told you about. Sally Morgan. I did some more digging. She's not who I thought she was. Been AWOL from her unit for ages.

LILY:

And now another young lady's turned up and started sniffing around.

MORTIMER:

Who's that? If you've a description, I could try and track her down.

LILY:

I'll get you something from the club CCTV. It'd be good to leave things neat and tidy.

MORTIMER:

Oh, and there was this as well. In the paper a few days back. Might be something and nothing... (HANDS NEWSPAPER TO LILY)

LILY:

You have been earning your money...

(FX: PARTY BOAT IN DISTANCE, MUSIC)

MORTIMER:

They've started partying already. Gonna be a busy night. For all of us.

LILY:

New Years Eve, D I Mortimer. Out with the old. Time for Hector Thomas to depart this world. And just so we don't leave any loose ends, we should kill his girlfriends too. Both of them. Then I can go home...

MORTIMER:

Home? Where's home for you, Lily?

LILY:

Oh, you don't wanna know, Derek love. You do not wanna know.

SEGUE TO FLASHBACK:

SCENE 43. NOWHERE'S ANTE-CHAMBER [FLASHBACK]

(FX: RINGING SILENCE)

HEX:

(DISTORTED, COMING INTO BEING) Hello? Hello? Anyone there? They said I should come here. To collect my winnings.

KOLOON:

You've done well, boy. Those two hardly ever lose this much.

HEX:

Yeah well. They never played 'Cheat' after hours in the White Rabbit.

KOLOON:

So. What's it to be? You've enough chips here to pay for... something quite special.

HEX:

I want out. Home. Back to Earth.

KOLOON:

Ha. Not quite that many, boy. I'll see what I can do. Hand it over. (FX: STACKING CHIPS) Hmmm. One year. Among the mortals. How's that sound?

HEX:

I'll take it.

KOLOON:

That's what I like. A man who knows his own mind.

HEX:

I know I just don't want to be here. What about you? If you don't mind me asking. I mean. What are ya? You're not one of them...

KOLOON:

Many races know me as Koloon. An Elemental. The spirit of fire. Incandescence. Some say the flames of hell. No such thing as bad publicity, eh.

HEX:

So what are you doing here? Moonlighting?

KOLOON:

For an incorporeal being such as myself, working for these... gods has certain perks. Certain experiences I would never otherwise enjoy. Helps while away eternity.

HEX:

Know what you mean. I've been here... I don't know how long... and it already seems like forever.

KOLOON:

Prepare yourself. It may be slightly painful, taking on your mortal form again...

HEX:

Don't worry. I'm used to- Aaaaarrrrrgghh! (SCREAM OF AGONY)

(FX: DISTORT AS HEX FADES FROM THE REALM)

KOLOON:

Sorry. I always forget the pathetic human tolerance for pain. (BEAT) Oh. He's gone. Perhaps I should have told him about the... other thing. The part about his memories being locked away. The part about him not being quite himself.

(CHUCKLES) Still. I get to keep an eye on him. It'll give me something to do. Who knows? Might even have some fun...

(LOSING KOLOON EFFECT) Goodbye Tommy Schofield.

LILY:

And hello Hector Thomas. Enjoy your year, cos by the end, you'll be dead again. Hex. (EVIL LAUGH)

END OF PART THREE

PART FOUR — SHOULD OLD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT

SCENE 44: EXT. DOCKS, STREET

(FX: STUTTERING TARDIS MATERIALISATION. DOORS UNLOCKED AND OPEN, HECTOR PRACTICALLY FALLS OUT, FOLLOWED BY ACE)

HECTOR:

No way... No flamin' way...

ACE:

(FX: LOCKING DOORS) So what d'you think? Did the Earth move for you?

HECTOR:

I am never, ever getting in that thing again. What the hell are you... Ace? Some kinda alien?

ACE:

Oi you. I'm from Perivale.

HECTOR:

I thought the stuff with the Finnegans was weird. But that thing. That...

ACE:

...TARDIS

HECTOR:

That... TARDIS thing. It's terrifying...

ACE:

Yeah. Meant to say. You lost your bottle.

HECTOR:

You what?

ACE:

Your bottle. Here. Your champagne bottle.

HECTOR:

(TAKES BOTTLE FROM ACE) Thanks. Gonna need my Lavissa later. Look at the time... Past ten! How'd that happen? Come on.

(FX: THEY WALK BRISKLY ALONG STREET, PASSING PARTYGOERS)

ACE:

Yeah, the time. Haven't even told you half of what the TARDIS does.

HECTOR:

Gotta get ready for tonight. Normality..

ACE:

Back to yours then? Maybe I should have picked a nice frock from the TARDIS wardrobe. (BEAT) Nah.

HECTOR:

I wanna get as far away as I can from that thing. Home.

ACE:

You don't mind me tagging along?

HECTOR:

Just so long as you- (STOPS) Hold up. Stay there, Ace.

ACE:

What is it?

HECTOR:

Thought I recognised the Beamer. They're here.

BARRY:

(CALLING, OFF) Everyone clear? Right. Let's do it.

ACE:

Who's here?

HECTOR:

The Finnegans.

CROSS TO:

SCENE 45: EXT. DOCKS, OUTSIDE PENTHOUSE

(FX: RUNNING FEET)

BARRY:

Three... Two... One...

And bye-bye Hector Thomas.

(FX: EXPLOSION)

CROSS BACK TO:

SCENE 46: EXT. DOCKS, STREET

(FX: ACE AND HECTOR RUNNING THROUGH)

HECTOR:

Bloody hell. My balcony... My flat!

ACE:

Never mind that. What about the buildings either side? They're not messing about.

HECTOR:

I thought it was all about the clubs...

ACE:

Gotta say, this looks a bit more personal than that, Hector.

HECTOR:

All my stuff...

ACE:

Forget your stuff, they must have thought you were in there. If they find out you weren't, they're not gonna be happy.

HECTOR:

This is way beyond anything else they've done. Maybe it's not such a good idea to go to the Empire after all. It's gonna be packed.

(FX: SIRENS APPROACHING, OFF)

ACE:

Seems they're not that bothered about attracting attention any more. They're gonna have all your other places staked out. You need somewhere to lie low. What about the TARDIS?

HECTOR:

(FIRM) No. I told you. I am not getting in that thing again.

ACE:

Even if the alternative is being blown to bits? Actually... There is somewhere. Someone. Who might be able to help.

HECTOR:

You what?

ACE:

I know where you can hide out. Follow me. (CALLING) Oi taxi!

SCENE 47: INT. COMMUNITY CENTRE

(FX: PEOPLE LEAVING)

HILDA:

(TO DEPARTING GUESTS) Thank you. Thanks for coming love. Happy New Year, dear. He would have liked it, wouldn't he? Ta-ra now.

(FX: HILDA CLOSES DOORS ON LAST GUESTS)

(TO HERSELF) Yes... he'd have liked it.

(BEAT, KNOCK ON DOORS)

HILDA:

(OPENING DOOR) You two. Thick as thieves. Coming in are you?

DOCTOR:

Mrs Schofield..

SALLY:

(ENTERING WITH DOCTOR) Yes, Hilda. We are. If that's all right. I hope... everything went OK.

HILDA:

Never mind that. Right. Mr Doctor. Young madam. (BEAT) I should say... thank you. But first. I want some straight talking from you both. Who are you? What was my Tommy mixed up in?

SALLY:

I'm sorry. After Hex told me.. I wanted to meet you. The more I got to know you, the harder it was to tell the truth..

HILDA:

It was... nice to have someone to pull a cracker with. Share the turkey crown. Even if you did burn the roasteds.

SALLY:

Sorry about that too.

HILDA:

And you Doctor. I still blame you. I could hold on to all that anger. That bitterness. But who's it going to hurt most?

DOCTOR:

Hilda... I don't expect forgiveness.

HILDA:

And I'm not ready to give it. But... no. I see you're sorry. I see you did care for him.

DOCTOR:

I did. And if there's anything you want to know. I'll tell you the truth.

HILDA:

All those people... I didn't realise how many lives he'd touched. Cassie would be proud.

SALLY:

Cassie? Who's Cassie?

HILDA:

His mum. Did he ever mention her?

SALLY:

He told-

DOCTOR:

(OVER HER) He said he missed her very much.

(FX: RAP ON DOOR)

DOCTOR:

There seems to be a latecomer.

HILDA:

I'll get it. (GOES TO OPEN DOOR)

SALLY:

(CLOSE) No more lies eh?

DOCTOR:

It's complicated.

HILDA:

(RETURNING) Well, the surprises keep coming, Sal. There's a policeman to see you.

MORTIMER:

Miss Morgan.

SALLY:

Detective Inspector. How did you-

MORTIMER:

(CLOSE) I see the papers. I can put two and two together. Didn't get my D.I. badge for tying knots, you know. (TO HILDA) You must be Mrs Schofield. My condolences.

(CONT)

HILDA:

Hm. Detective Inspector, eh? Maybe you can tell me what they're doing about my complaints. About the gangs?

MORTIMER:

Everything gets escalated. I don't normally get the house-calls.

HILDA:

Well now you're here.

MORTIMER:

I'm at your service. (GOING OFF, UNDER FOLLOWING) Tell me, Mrs Schofield, was there anything in particular you were worried about?

DOCTOR:

Sally? (CLOSE) Stay with Hilda. I'll go and check on Ace. In the TARDIS. Maybe I'll run a scan for any.. unusual lifesigns. Take a look at the local networks..

SALLY:

(CLOSE) Hack into the police files? Just like the old days, eh Doctor?

DOCTOR:

(CLOSE) Not too much like them. It seems I must mend my ways.

MORTIMER:

Ahem. (TO ALL) I was telling Mrs Schofield, it's gonna be.. lively out there tonight. Revellers already three sheets to the wind. Thing is, we're short-handed tonight. New Years, and a gas explosion on the docks. We're warning people to stay off the streets.

HILDA:

My partying's long behind me. I just want to get home, Inspector. Been a long day. A long year.

SALLY:

I'll come with you. Get the kettle on. See in the New Year with some Ovaltine. Drink another toast to Tommy. If.. that's what you'd like?

HILDA:

I would, Sal. I'd like that very much.

(CONT)

MORTIMER:

I know this young lady likes to think she can look after herself. But still. I think it'd be a good idea if I escort you both.

HILDA:

A big burly policeman come to take me home? Where were you thirty years ago officer? Thank you. Oh, and Doctor? (LOOKING ROUND) Where did he go?

SALLY:

It's been a bit much for him. Not what he's used to.

HILDA:

I just wanted to say... (BEAT) Never mind.

MUSIC SEGUE TO:

SCENE 48: EXT. OUTSIDE FINNEGANS

(FX: CROWDS ENTERING CLUB, SINGING 'AULD LANG SYNE')

LILY:

It's hotting up boys. Nearly time. (POINTED) And I don't want you putting everything in jeopardy by running off doing stupid things on your own again. Barry.

BARRY:

But how do you know he wasn't in the building when it blew up, ma?

LILY:

It was too soon. We've all been having a bit too much fun. (SOTTO) Just hope the powers that be don't get wind... (TO BARRY) We can't let things spin out of control.

BARRY:

Sorry, ma.

(FX: ROBBIE WHEEZES, SPRAYS INHALER)

LILY:

These things have to be done right. We've a schedule to keep.

BARRY:

OK. He wasn't at home. He's not in his clubs. Where's he gonna be?

LILY:

Something has been brought to my attention in one of the local rags. By our policeman friend. (FX: OPENING NEWSPAPER)

BARRY:

What's that photo? (READING) 'Are you a friend of Tommy 'Hex' Schofield'? (CONFUSED) Is that him? That's not him. Is it?

LILY:

Seems our Hector's been leading a double life.

SCENE 49: INT. COMMUNITY CENTRE

(FX: DOORS OPEN, ACE AND HECTOR ENTER)

ACE:

Empty. But people have been here. Quite a few, from the look of it. See. Leftovers to go with your special champers. Sandwiches... crisps... ice cream. (SOTTO) Oh, Doctor...

HECTOR:

(FX: RATTLING ICE BUCKET) Hey. Ice bucket. And crisps. (FX: GRABBING CRISPS) What was it? A party?

ACE:

Not exactly. More of a wake.

HECTOR:

(MUNCHING CRISPS) Who died?

ACE:

Erm... you did. Go look at the photo. On the table at the front.

HECTOR:

What the- (FX: WALKS OVER WITH BUCKET) You're saying I'm late for my own funeral?

(FX: PLACES ICE BUCKET ON TABLE, PICKS UP PHOTO FRAME)

HECTOR:

You're right. Looks just like me. Handsome fella.

ACE:

Don't joke. Don't you remember? Doesn't seeing that make you remember something? Anything?

HECTOR:

Coincidence. God knows my dad wasn't the faithful kind. Could have a load of brothers and sisters running round the place I know nothing about!

ACE:

Coincidence? Look at him. It's you, Hex. It's you.

HECTOR:

Ace. Did anyone ever tell you...? You're a bit weird.

ACE:

I wish we hadn't missed him. He'd know what to do...

(CONT)

HECTOR:

Who would? (BEAT) Look at the time. Less than an hour. Then I'll open my Lavissa Sous Vent. (FX: PUTS BOTTLE IN ICE BUCKET) I'll stick it in here, so it's nicely chilled. Leave dealing with the Finnegans till next year eh? (FX: PULLS UP A CHAIR) Find some cups, will ya?

ACE:

I hope it all went OK... For his sake...

HECTOR:

Maybe I do need some help. Maybe it's time I went straight. Let the bizzies to do their job, eh? How's that for a new year resolution?

(FX: NOISE OUTSIDE, CROWBAR DROPPED)

ACE:

Shh. Hector. What was that?

CROSS TO:

SCENE 50: EXT. OUTSIDE COMMUNITY CENTRE

(FX: CLANK OF DROPPED CROWBAR)

BARRY:

Careful, Robbie. They'll hear ya.

(FX: INHALER SHAKES AND SPRAY)

BARRY:

Pick it up. Right. Now. Jam the crowbar through the handles.

(FX: CROWBAR PICKED UP, JAMMED IN HANDLES)

BARRY:

That's all the emergency exits blocked off. One way in and one way out. Got 'em trapped.

(FX: EXCITED WHEEZING LAUGHTER)

BARRY:

Yeah, yeah. We're supposed to wait till midnight. I know what mum said. Doesn't mean we can't have a bit of fun in the meantime.

(FX: THEY WALK TO MAIN DOOR)

BARRY:

Ready? One... two... three.

(FX: BURST THROUGH DOORS)

SCENE 51: EXT. HILDA'S STREET, OUTSIDE CHIPSHOP

(FX: DOOR OPENS, SHOP BELL DINGS, FRYING INSIDE)

MORTIMER:

(CALLING) Cheers pal. Happy New Year.

(FX: DOOR CLOSSES, FOOTSTEPS, RUSTLING CHIP PAPER)

MORTIMER:

(MUNCHING) Best chips in New Hoylake.

(FX: FOOTSTEPS IN HEELS)

MORTIMER:

You made it then.

(FX: FOOTSTEPS IN HEELS)

LILY:

Got your message. Enjoying your chips, Derek lad? All that frying's bad for you. Along there is she?

MORTIMER:

Nice of you to be concerned for my health, Mrs Finnegan. Yeah, Morgan's there. Number fifty-three. With the Schofield woman.

LILY:

My boys are tracking down the other one. Along with Hector Thomas himself. Just hope our Barry doesn't go charging in again. He's a liability, that one.

MORTIMER:

Tell me about it. I've spent most of the last six months keeping him out of court. You can't tell me I haven't earned my money. You... won't hurt the old lady will you?

LILY:

Can't say, Inspector. No knowing what might happen when my dander's up.

MORTIMER:

Yeah but... Civilians. She's just some old dear. No harm to anyone.

LILY:

Bit late for you to develop scruples now. Your part's done.

MORTIMER:

I'm out? I won't have to see you again?

LILY:

(CLOSE) Derek lad. You won't have to see anything ever again.

(FX: WHOOSH OF CONFLAGRATION)

MORTIMER:

Aaaagh!!

LILY:

Told you frying was bad for you.

(FX: MOBILE PHONE RINGS)

LILY:

(ANSWERING IT) Barry. Those cauliflower ears of yours must have been burning. Tell me you've got good news...

SCENE 52: INT. HILDA'S HOUSE, HALLWAY

(FX: DOORBELL, URGENTLY)

SALLY:

I'll get that.

HILDA:

(FROM FRONTROOM) That nice policeman might be back.

(FX: FRONT DOOR BLASTED DOWN, SALLY BLOWN BACKWARDS)

SALLY:

(CRIES OUT, RECOVERING ON FLOOR) What...

LILY:

Sorry, love. In a bit of a hurry. Don't need to introduce myself do I?

HILDA:

(ENTERING HALLWAY) I know who you are, Lily Finnegan. And I won't have the likes of you in my house.

LILY:

Afraid you don't have much choice, Mrs Schofield.

HILDA:

We don't want you round here. Decent people live here.

LILY:

Haven't you heard? No room for 'decent' any more. Only the strong and the weak.

HILDA:

You and your lot. Fighting. Wrecking lives. Hettie Wilson hasn't seen her lad since he got mixed up in it. Lord knows where young Terry will end up. An eye for an eye leaves the world blind, don't you know?

LILY:

No, Hilda, love. An eye for an eye leaves the world full of one-eyed people who won't... do it... again. (FX: FLASH OF FIRE)

SALLY:

(GETTING UP) Hilda... Go back inside. I think it's me she's after.

LILY:

Very astute, Miss Morgan. You come with me. Or I can burn you right here. (BEAT) Actually... I think I'll just burn the whole house down anyway.

DOCTOR:

(BEHIND HER) You know, Ms Finnegan. I don't think you will.

(FX: FIRE EXTINGUISHER SPRAY)

LILY:

Yaahh! (COUGHING, SPLUTTERING)

DOCTOR:

Hilda – into your kitchen! Close the door! Sally. Catch!
(THROWS BAG)

SALLY:

(CATCHING IT) Got it.

HILDA:

What are you two-

SALLY:

(INTERRUPTING) Do what he says, Hilda. Please!

HILDA:

(HURRYING OFF) Alright, alright. (FX: CLOSING DOOR)

DOCTOR:

Quickly, Sally. Scatter the salt powder down the hall. Along the walls, the doors. (RUNNING INTO HOUSE) I'll cover the threshold.

LILY:

(COUGHING, RECOVERING) It's you... isn't it? It's... You?

DOCTOR:

(SCATTERING POWDER) Depends on who you mean. But yes. I suspect it is.

LILY:

I thought you'd given up the ghost. I thought they'd broken you.

DOCTOR:

From where I'm standing, you're the one who looks broken. You know you can't cross that line without it being very, very painful. (CALLING) Sally, into the kitchen. Now.

(FX: THEY RUN, DOOR OPENING)

SCENE 53: INT. HILDA'S HOUSE, KITCHEN (CONTINUOUS)

(FX: DOOR SLAMS)

DOCTOR:

Sorry about your front door, Mrs Schofield. Is there a neighbour you could go to?

HILDA:

Erm... Bev and Ron... Number forty-nine.

SALLY:

Can you get there through the backyard?

HILDA:

Yes... Yes I can. What about my hallway? What's that woman doing here?

DOCTOR:

Hilda, I'm sorry, I don't have time to explain. But you must get somewhere safe.

SALLY:

Go on. I'll be back later. Pick you up. Promise.

HILDA:

(FX: OPENS BACK DOOR) Right, Sal. I'm trusting you... (FX: OPENING CUPBOARD) Let me get my garibaldi. Can't go round to Bev's empty-handed. Not at this time of night. (EXITS)

(FX: BACK DOOR CLOSES)

SALLY:

I will be back later, won't I?

DOCTOR:

I sincerely hope so, Private Morgan.

SALLY:

Right... I'm guessing you've worked some things out?

DOCTOR:

I've an idea what that creature is. An Elemental being. A fire demon. Of sorts.

SALLY:

And that powder of yours can keep her at bay?

DOCTOR:

For a time. All superstitions have a root in reality, you know.

SALLY:

Like throwing salt to ward off evil spirits?

DOCTOR:

Only for salt, substitute anti-dimensional disseminators with added flame retardant. She's not from this reality. I'm making something stronger in the TARDIS to send her back.

LILY:

(OUTSIDE, CALLING) Don't worry. This isn't where the action's at. Nearly midnight, Doctor. Places to be. People to incinerate.

SALLY:

She's gone?

DOCTOR:

Yes. We're a distraction. We're not the real reason she's here.

SALLY:

What is?

DOCTOR:

Mr Hector Thomas.

SCENE 54: INT. COMMUNITY CENTRE

(FX: HECTOR PUNCHED, WHEEZING LAUGH)

BARRY:

Been trying to impress your young lady have you?

HECTOR:

Ba... Please...

ACE:

(STRUGGLING) That's enough! Can't you see he's had enough?

BARRY:

Keep hold of her, Robbie. (GRABBING HECTOR'S ST CHRISTOPHER)
What's this round your neck? Gold is it?

HECTOR:

St... Christopher... me mum...

BARRY:

Might be worth something. (PULLS CHAIN OFF)

HECTOR:

Ah!

BARRY:

(FX: WALKS TO TABLE) I'll hang it on your photo. For safe keeping. I'll get down the pawn shop when they open next week.

ACE:

You lowlife scum. Do you tie all your opponents to a chair before you'll fight them?

BARRY:

(FX: PICKS UP BOOK, FLICKS THROUGH) Never miss an opportunity to make a few pennies. All in Johnny Slater's book. Add up the pennies...

HECTOR:

(DAZED) ...and soon enough you'll have a pound.

BARRY:

You've read it?

HECTOR:

Something... something me mate used to say...

BARRY:

The one you robbed the motors for? Thought you'd like to remember the old days. Before you made your fortune.

ACE:

What are you talking about? That stupid book of yours?

BARRY:

It's not stupid. It's my inspiration.

HECTOR:

Yeah? When you get put away, you're not coming out. Or if you do, you'll be straight back in again.

BARRY:

Start with nothing. Have nothing to lose. Sound familiar? Here. Have a flick through, Thomas. See if you're inspired... (FX: HANDS HECTOR THE BOOK)

ACE:

What is this? If you're gonna play mind-games Barry, helps to bring a mind to play with.

HECTOR:

(FX: FLICKING THROUGH) Chapter Three, School Days. Kicked out for keying the head's car... (BEAT, MORE PAGES) Chapter Eight. Six months inside... handling stolen goods... Making contacts... Stealing to order... The knock-off motor business...

BARRY:

All falling into place, is it? Different dates, but the same story.

HECTOR:

It's... impossible. This all happened to me. This is my life!

BARRY:

'Clean Slate.' Good innit? I read it and wanted to do it all. You think you already have. I used to envy you, but really you're not worth it. None of it's true, for either of us.

(FX: PUNCHES HECTOR)

LILY:

(ENTERING) That's enough, our Barry. My lad been filling you in?

ACE:

(STRUGGLING) Let him go. He's not who you think he is!

LILY:

I suspect, young lady, that I'm the only person in this room who knows exactly who Hector Thomas is. (BEAT) Three minutes to midnight. How d'you wanna do this?

BARRY:

Brain-stopper? (CHARGING RAY-GUN)

LILY:

That'll do nicely.

HECTOR:

Take 'em. My clubs. My restaurants. All the businesses. Kill me. But let Ace go.

LILY:

You're not real, Hector Thomas. You're only here so a dead man can dream he's alive. Only it's time to wake up. Tell her about last New Year.

HECTOR:

We'd a set-to in the car-park. Barry... must've jumped me. Knocked me out. I came round...

LILY:

On the stroke of midnight. See. Our Barry. There at the beginning and here at the end.

HECTOR:

I... don't understand... I remember...

LILY:

Your memories... as fake as these nails. You've got your real ones stashed away somewhere. Hope you've been keeping a special eye on them. Cos without them you're just a blank page. In this world or any other.

ACE:

(SOBBING) No... Let him go. I only just got him back. You've got to let him go...

LILY:

Shut that girl up, Robbie love.

ACE:

(FX: GETS LOOSE) No! No!! (FALLS)

(FX: WHEEZING ROBBIE SHAKES INHALER, WHOOSH OF AIR UNDER)

LILY:

(FX: WATCH ALARM, MUFFLED CLOCK CHIME OUTSIDE) By my reckoning. That's midnight. Time for you to go. Happy New Year. Do the honours, Barry.

(FX: BRAIN-STOPPER CLICKS, FAILING)

BARRY:

Ma... It's... It's not working.

(FX: DOORS OPEN, SOUNDS OF CLOCK CHIMING, FIREWORKS, CHEERING IN DISTANCE)

DOCTOR:

I rather think you've jumped the gun.

SALLY:

(RUNNING IN) Ace! Duck.

ACE:

Morgan? That's my rucksack.

SALLY:

And your emergency stash of nitro-9. Hug this, hoodie. (THROWS CAN)

(FX: WHEEZING STOPS ABRUPTLY, EXPLOSION, THE 'FOOM' IS SUCKED IN BY ROBBIE, WHO FALLS TO FLOOR)

ACE:

He absorbed it... under his hood!

LILY:

Robbie, love. You all right? (GATHERS HERSELF FOR A FIREBALL)
Why, you...

(FX: HISS OF SMOKE BOMB)

DOCTOR:

And that should prevent any unwanted fires.

SALLY:

You can drop your weapon too. (FX: COMBAT MOVES)

BARRY:

Who the- (FX: PUNCHED, DROPS RAY-GUN)

DOCTOR:

Ladies. Take Mr Thomas outside. No time to untie him. Quickly.

ACE:

You get that side. I've got this.

(FX: ACE AND SALLY CARRY HECTOR OUT)

LILY:

All your little friends, working together...

DOCTOR:

Stay where you are, Lily. This fire extinguisher is packed with negative dimensional particles. Enough to send you kicking and screaming back to your netherworld. And I do mean screaming.

BARRY:

Ma... What do I do?

LILY:

Leave it to me and your brother, Barry. You messed up again.

BARRY:

But ma-

LILY:

Robbie. Fetch Mr Thomas. Kill his girlfriends if you have to.

(FX: ROBBIE RUNS OUT, WHEEZING)

LILY:

Nothing you can do, Doctor. It's midnight.

DOCTOR:

Oh, I'm very aware of the time...

LILY:

Then you know his is up.

DOCTOR:

One year was the agreement, I suspect. If nothing else, the Elder Gods are sticklers for terms and conditions.

LILY:

Exactly! I manifested him twelve a.m., January first. In the carpark outside his flat. He's had his year.

DOCTOR:

Actually, he hasn't. Ace took the TARDIS for a little spin this evening. A few hours into the future according to the logs. Come back tomorrow. Or better still. Come back never.

LILY:

You know I can't do that.

BARRY:

Ma? What's happening?

DOCTOR:

It's ending, Mr Finnegan.

SCENE 55: EXT. OUTSIDE COMMUNITY CENTRE

(FX: ACE AND SALLY CARRYING HECTOR OUTSIDE, DISTANT CELEBRATIONS CONTINUE)

SALLY:

So Ace. How've you been?

ACE:

Oh, you know. Same old. Can we put his chair down? He's heavy.

HECTOR:

Couldn't you just untie me?

SALLY:

Over here. By the police car.

(FX: THEY PUT HIM DOWN)

ACE:

First the army, now the police. You do like a uniform don't you Barbie?

SALLY:

They seem to think I'm special branch.

HECTOR:

Youse two know each other? (BEAT) Course you do.

(FX: RUNNING, WHEEZING ROBBIE)

ACE:

Uh-oh. Here comes trouble.

SALLY:

Look out for him. He's got no head.

ACE:

Blimey. You're not kidding. No hood. No head.

(FX: INHALER SPRAY, WHOOSHING BEGINS)

SALLY:

(CALLING) An air elemental, the Doctor said. Manipulates oxygen molecules. Pulls them out of people's lungs. Suffocation. I've seen his handiwork. Nasty.

HECTOR:

What the hell are you talking about? Untie me!

(FX: CAR DOOR OPENS)

SALLY:

Luckily, we built this.

ACE:

Car vacuum cleaner?

SALLY:

With a little more oomph.

(FX: VACUUM, WHEEZING, SCREAM AS ROBBIE SUCKED INSIDE IT, NOISE CUT OFF AND INHALER CLATTERS TO GROUND)

SALLY:

Gone with the wind.

ACE:

Looks like you've got this covered, Private. I'm going back in. You forgot something, Hector.

HECTOR:

You what? Ace?

ACE:

Your memory's going. (RUNNING OFF) You left your Lavissa Sous Vent.

SALLY:

Lavissa – what?

HECTOR:

Never mind that... Where did Robbie Finnegan go?

SALLY:

Displaced into another dimension. Back where that airhead belongs, if he knows what's good for him.

HECTOR:

You know where they came from? The Finnegans? (BEAT) I'm guessing it's not the Wirral.

SCENE 56: INT. COMMUNITY CENTRE

DOCTOR:

There once was a man named Michael Finnegan,
He grew fat and he grew thin ag'in,
Then he died, and was born as him ag'in,
Poor old Michael Finnegan (begin ag'in)

I know what you are. You don't belong here.

LILY:

Clever little Doctor...

BARRY:

Ma? What's he talking about? How does he know my-

ACE:

(FX: FLINGING DOOR OPEN, RUNNING IN) Almost forgot.

DOCTOR:

Ace, no. Get away from here.

ACE:

(PANTING) Hex needs his memories. She said- (TO LILY) You said he's kept his memories. Somewhere. In something he's been safeguarding all this time. (BEAT) Where's it gone?

LILY:

Oh. You mean this?

(FX: LIFTS BOTTLE OUT OF ICE BUCKET)

LILY:

Too slow Dorothy! *La vie se souvint*. A life remembered. But now, he'll never get it back. I only have to return the vessel. Not the contents.

ACE:

(GRABBING FOR IT) Give it here!

DOCTOR:

Ace! No!

(FX: SMASH)

ACE:

(SCREAM) No!

DOCTOR:

You shouldn't have done that, Lily. Go, Ace.

ACE:

(HORRIFIED) No... She's destroyed him... We can't just...

DOCTOR:

Help Sally. Get Hector away from here. He can't be anywhere near them. Not when his time truly runs out.

ACE:

But Doctor...

DOCTOR:

Trust me Ace. I won't let them get away with it.

ACE:

You'd better not. (EXITS)

DOCTOR:

Where was I?

BARRY:

(SLOWLY) I don't... really get what's happening... Ma?

DOCTOR:

Ah. Michael Barrington Finnegan. According to your driving licence. I'd a friend who liked to use his middle name. You don't know him.

BARRY:

Ma? What's... he saying?

DOCTOR:

You're a 'quantum ghost'. You don't exist. Or rather, you exist only one instant to the next. Lily's little joke. Poor old Michael Finnegan. Begin again. And again. And again.

LILY:

Like I said... Clever little Doctor.

DOCTOR:

He's nothing. But all the other people. Everyone who died this last year. They weren't just chips on the table. To be discarded. Part of a game.

LILY:

Are you talking to me? Or are you telling yourself that...? Cos I heard-

DOCTOR:

(INTERRUPTING) You're afraid of the gods, Lily? What will they do when they find out how wrong things have gone? When they discover they've lost their prize.

LILY:

I'll run... I'll hide...

DOCTOR:

A blast from this doesn't give you a choice. Particle dissemination - straight back to their domain.

LILY:

You gonna do it then? Shoot me down in cold blood?

DOCTOR:

No... Here. Barry. (HANDS EXTINGUISHER OVER)

BARRY:

Wh- what?

DOCTOR:

She's lied to you. Again and again. You're not real. You never were. You never will be. You exist in this instant. And this one. And this one.

BARRY:

No... no... why?

DOCTOR:

You're the gateway. The portal through which Hector Thomas entered this world, and the means by which he's supposed to leave it.

She always puts you down. Tells you how stupid you are. I can see what she means. I might as well be talking to a door.

BARRY:

Is this true...? Ma. Tell me. It's not true.

LILY:

Barry love. Robbie always was my favourite.

BARRY:

(SOBBING) Noo! (FX: FIRES EXTINGUISHER SPRAY ALL OVER HER)

LILY:

(SCREAMS)

DOCTOR:

Hurts, does it?

BARRY:

(FX: FLICKERING EFFECT) I'm gonna be someone. One day. You'll see. I'm gonna be... Who? Who am I? Who am I? (FADING TO NOTHINGNESS)

LILY:

Doctor... Pity me!

DOCTOR:

(QUIET) Fear me.

LILY:

(FX: DISTORTING, DISSOLVING THROUGH) Wh- what?

DOCTOR:

Tell this to your gods. When they punish you. When they stretch you on the neutron rack. I'm still here.

LILY:

But you...? You're one... little... man.

DOCTOR:

I am not a man. Not a human being. I am a complex space-time event. I am Lord President of Gallifrey. The Traveller from Beyond Time.

I am the Sandman. The Oncoming Storm. I am the Ka Faraq Gatri. Destroyer of Worlds.

And sometimes. Only sometimes, I am your worst nightmare.

I am the Doctor. And I take care of my friends.

LILY:

(FX: DISSIPATING) Aaaaaagh!

SCENE 57: INT. TARDIS, CONSOLE ROOM

(FX: DOORS OPEN, SALLY AND ACE ENTER SUPPORTING HECTOR)

ACE:

Hex? Hex!

SALLY:

He's passed out...

(FX: THEY LIE HIM DOWN)

ACE:

There's a wheelchair. In the medical bay. Down the corridor-

SALLY:

I know. (RUNS OFF)

DOCTOR:

(FOLLOWING THEM IN) Do you know what you're doing, Ace? He's not supposed to be here. (FX: CLOSING TARDIS DOORS)

ACE:

There's got to be a chance... He must be in there somewhere.

DOCTOR:

I'm not sure that he is... The Elder Gods tend to be thorough.

ACE:

(CHALLENGING) I want to do this. To try at least. Maybe you can make up for losing him by helping me bring him back... I told you. (AS A THREAT) I will never, ever leave you.

SALLY:

(FX: PUSHING WHEELCHAIR) Here's the wheelchair...

ACE:

Give me a hand, Barbie.

(FX: LIFTING HECTOR INTO CHAIR)

ACE:

I'll take him to his room. See if waking up in familiar surroundings helps.

(FX: ACE WHEELS HECTOR OFF)

SALLY:

I heard. What you were saying.

DOCTOR:

And...?

SALLY:

It's not him, is it?

DOCTOR:

No, Sally. No it's not. (BEAT) Will you help?

SALLY:

I don't think... I don't think I can. It would be too hard... Seeing him. But not him.

DOCTOR:

Of course. I understand. I just wish that Ace... Ah well. Where will you go?

SALLY:

Not far. Thought I'd stick around for a while. Keep an eye on Hilda.

DOCTOR:

That's kind. (BEAT) Do you ever fly kites, Sally?

SALLY:

Sorry?

DOCTOR:

Ace said that travelling with me was like flying a kite. I feel the same. Only... I'm not the kite.

SALLY:

I don't quite-

DOCTOR:

You want them to soar so very high. Sometimes they take your breath away. But sometimes... the string breaks. You lose them.

SALLY:

Doctor...

DOCTOR:

But it's better than never flying at all... isn't it?

SALLY:

You can't keep blaming yourself. She can't either. Not for ever.

DOCTOR:

You didn't know him long, but you found a kindred spirit, didn't you?

SALLY:

Sometimes things just click. You know? (BEAT) Maybe you don't... But if I stay with Hilda, I can find out more about him. Keep that connection. Maybe it'll help us both?

DOCTOR:

Fly, Private Morgan, fly. And Sally... I'm sorry.

SALLY:

I know, Doctor. Goodbye.

MUSIC SEGUE:

SCENE 58: INT. HILDA'S HOUSE, FRONTROOM

(FX: POURING TEA, ELECTRIC SCREWDRIVER FIXING DOOR, OFF)

HILDA:

A new year. A new series of Countdown. And a new front door.
(CALLING) How you getting on, Sally love?

(FX: FRONT DOOR CLOSING, OFF)

SALLY:

(CALLING) Finished!

HILDA:

Come and have your tea then. You've earned it.

SALLY:

(ENTERING) Thanks. Good as new. I hope.

HILDA:

Meant to ask you. This other girl. This... McShane? Did you know her?

SALLY:

Yeah. I... ran into her.

HILDA:

Tommy had a bit of a thing. He said in his letter.

SALLY:

They worked through it. It wasn't... like that when I met them.

HILDA:

You took a shine to him? I don't know anything about you really, do I?

SALLY:

That's why I'm here. If you'll let me...

HILDA:

Right. Sal. That... is your real name is it?

SALLY:

Yes.

HILDA:

Well that's a start.

SALLY:

(TAKING CHAIN FROM POCKET) Here. I brought this. From the community centre. It was hanging on his photo.

HILDA:

I don't remember- (TAKING IT) Oh... His St Christopher. Funny. Doctor Smith didn't mention it. Look, they inscribed his initials the wrong way round. H T instead of T H. We meant to take it back to the shop. Never got round to it. Then before we knew it, our Cassie was off, and I had my hands full. Such a cheeky little chap... (BEAT) Didn't do his job, did he? St Christopher.

SALLY:

I suppose not, no. But at least-

HILDA:

What, love?

SALLY:

It's... something to remember him by.

SCENE 59: **INT. TARDIS, HEX'S ROOM**

ACE:

Wakey-wakey... Here. Drink this.

HECTOR:

What... Where am I?

ACE:

You're safe. You're in the TARDIS.

HECTOR:

(DAZED) Thought I told you I never wanted to get inside this thing again?

ACE:

Calm down. You need rest. You've had a shock...

(FX: KNOCK ON DOOR) Doctor, wait there.

DOCTOR:

Just seeing how the patient is...

ACE:

(COMING TO DOORWAY) You're not a nurse.

DOCTOR:

(CLOSE) And neither is he. It's not Hex, Ace. His memories are gone.

HECTOR:

(OFF) Ace?

ACE:

Just a minute. (CLOSE) And we're going to get them back.

DOCTOR:

How? You saw what happened. The bottle was smashed...

ACE:

Then I'll find another way to... jog his memory.

(BEAT OF SILENCE)

DOCTOR:

Are you sure, Ace?

ACE:

You want us to move on? Then I'm doing this. This is me, moving on.

HECTOR:

(OFF) Ace? What happened?

ACE:

See. He needs me.

DOCTOR:

Yes, he does. (SOTTO) And so do I.

HECTOR:

(OFF) Ace?

ACE:

(CALLING) Coming, Hex!

DOCTOR:

But he's not-

ACE:

(INTERRUPTING) Not yet. But he will be. Somehow... he will be.

(END TITLES)

END